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THE OLD STORY.

Alas for the head with the crown of gold:
The tempter came as he came of old.
Alas for the heart that was glad and light!
Alas for the soul that was pure and white!

Censure who may—condemn who must;
It was perfect faith—it was utter trust
That asked her promise; nor promise nor sign,
He was hers—she was his by law divine.

He was lifted up; he was set apart;
He filled her thought; he filled her heart;
She called him great, she believed him true,
As women will, as women do.

Oh, to betray such tender trust;
(God will repay, and He is just)—
Through wrong and ill she loves him still,
As women do, as women will.

Giving little and taken much;
Fickle and false—there are many such—
Selfish and cruel—you know the rest—
He broke the heart that loved him best.

FOR MONEY'S SAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHICH WINS," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," "A PRINCE IN DISGUISE," "RED RIDING HOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

VAVASOUR accepted Mrs. Vane's invitation to lunch with herself and Cynthia very willingly. He enjoyed his foretaste of the material comforts resulting from ten thousand a year. He devoted himself to his hostess, ignoring Cynthia as completely as if she were not there. He knew that this was his only safe plan; he had enough experience to be aware that Mrs. Vane would only be satisfied by having an entire monopoly of his attentions. He had not lunched with them alone like this before. Sitting silent at the table while the meal went on, Cynthia became more distinctly aware than she had been that two are company and three are none. After lunch there was some talk of walking in the park. Cynthia said she was tired, and would not go out. She did this from an undefined sense that she was not wanted. The idea had never occurred to her in this form before; it gave her a dreary feeling of sadness. The only distinct notion she had about it was that Mrs. Vane was able to amuse Vavasour, and she was not. She was sorry for this, and reproached herself for her habit of quietude.

"I am going to my own room," she said to the servant, as she left the dining-room. "And I don't want to see any one this afternoon."

"And I," said Mrs. Vane, "am going out but not for more than an hour or so; if Sir George calls ask him in."

Cynthia went up to the sitting-room which was allotted for her private use. It was a pleasant place, with windows looking to the wide Kensington road and Hyde Park beyond.

The table was covered with books; Cynthia passed many happy hours of reading here. But this afternoon she could not read.

There was a pain at her heart that distressed and puzzled her. What could it mean? Surely she was not vexed that Mrs Vane was so ready to go out without her?

The sun streamed in at the windows, and seemed to Cynthia too bright; she was annoyed by the sound of passing carriages. At last she threw down her book, and, taking some needlework in her hand, went down-stairs to the drawing-room, passing presently into the conservatory, which was out of the glare of the afternoon sun.

It seemed pleasant here, for it was very quiet; and to Cynthia's mind the companionship of her plants removed her a little from the dusty highway of every-day life.

There were cool large-leaved ferns about her wicker chair, whose depth of green brought comfort to her eyes; the drip, drip of a slender fountain gave a soothing sense of moisture.

She paused on the threshold, and drew across the archway the curtain which hid her favorite retreat from the drawing-room.

"If any of Kate's callers come in, they will not see me," she said to herself. And then, with a sigh that had in it some weariness and some content, she sank into her wicker chair among the ferns.

Her work lay ready to her hand, but she did not touch it; the spirit of idleness was upon her. Something whispered to her that her heart was awaking, that a new epoch was dawning in her life, that soon she would discover a strange emotion within herself.

There was a fascination in the dim consciousness within her, which was made up half of trembling hope, half of pain at the neglect to which she was unable to blind herself altogether.

Yet, when he had been alone with her in that conservatory, how gentle his voice had been, how charming his manner! And the little he had said was of a more sensible character than anything he addressed to Mrs. Vane. What could it mean?

The faint sweet fragrance of the flowers and the sound of the dripping fountain soothed her into a happy dreamland. Always in her vague pictures of delight Eric Vavasour was at her side, the living embodiment of those heroes of romance whom she had seen him personate.

As she sat there, with closed eyes silent and almost content, she heard the sound of voices in the drawing-room. She recognized that it was old Sir George speaking to the footman, who assured him that Mrs. Vane would be in directly.

"We'll wait a few minutes, then," said Sir George. "I say, Major, come over here. There's a lot of photographs on the widow's own particular table. D'ye know what they are? I do. I looked at them one day when her back was turned. They're portraits of young Vavasour."

"Ah!" said the Major knowingly. Cynthia knew his voice—it belonged to an ancient and somewhat battered warrior, another of Mrs. Vane's old beaux, who now and then brought his red face and resounding voice into her drawing-room.

"And she's gone into the park with him now," added the major. "The man told me so as we came up-stairs. He's been lunching here."

"He always is lunching here," observed Sir George, in a tone of some discontent. "Who d'ye suppose he's after—the widow, or Miss Gray?"

Cynthia made an uneasy movement in her chair, and prepared herself to start up and boldly push aside the curtain, and enter the drawing-room.

There was no other way of escape, and she did not desire again to be an eavesdropper. She had always felt a certain guilt about overhearing Vavasour's studies without his knowledge; but this was much worse.

But, before she had time to rise, the Major had said something which seemed to take all power of motion from her.

"My dear fellow," he observed, "it's easy to see who he's after. The one with the money of course. He'd marry any old hag if she had ten thousand a year. I've heard him say so a hundred times. He makes no secret of it; he sees no harm in it. Well, let him have her, say I! This is a pleasant enough house to call at now and then; but I wouldn't hang up my hat here for a hundred thousand a year. That woman's innate vulgarity would drive me mad in a week. The worst of her is that, the more you know her, the less you like her; at first she seems a very agreeable woman; but intimacy certainly brings contempt with it in her case."

"Oh," expostulated Sir George, "but she's awfully jolly, and very good-hearted!"

"That may be; but I wouldn't like to give her the chance of adopting her familiar manner with me. However, Vavasour seems able to bear it. He used to detest her; I believe he does still. But he'd sell his soul for a ten pound note, and perhaps never be aware that he'd parted with it. Not much soul about Vavasour. Nevertheless I pity him if he sells himself to Mrs. Vane. It will be his ruin. And the boy has sense, talent and gifts. I shall regret his becoming the slave of a woman like that."

"He's too young for her," said Sir George. "It is ridiculous of her to marry a boy!"

"But that's her aim," returned the Major. "She will make herself believe she is young and fascinating as long as there is any breath in her body. A woman of her type is incurable. Hush—that's her knock!"

A couple of minutes later there came the ringing sound of Mrs. Vane's laugh upon the stairs.

She was in tremendously high spirits, in her very maddest mood. For she had brought Vavasour back with her. And, finding herself alone with her three admirers, she let herself enjoy the moment to the full.

She was glad to have no keenly critical feminine eyes upon her. Cynthia, sitting still as a statue within the quiet conservatory, felt a sense of grief and shame as she heard the unceasing rattle of her cousin's voice, the continual sound of her high-pitched laughter, and realized what absurd nonsense she was talking. For Cynthia had now a new light upon it all. It did not in reality amuse these men any more than it amused herself. They also got weary and sickened by it.

But this was only the upper-crust of her feeling, a superficial sense of shame. Below that her heart was being torn by an active agony.

Every word these men had uttered sunk deep into her mind; she saw the sentences they had spoken as though they were written before her eyes. The first conscious feeling which the past conversation gave her was one of anger and indignation. She longed to rise up and deny the infamous scandal about her hero.

The words of flaming denial had half formed themselves in her mind; she half-raised herself in her chair, as if to take some heroic step in Vavasour's behalf. But the words died away long before they reached her tongue, and she sank back into her chair.

A tumultuous rush of feeling, which she resented, yet could not shut out, had suddenly invaded her heart. She remembered a hundred things which had happened lately, and saw them in a new and different light.

Her illusion was vanishing; the cruel, cold light of day broke in upon her fairy-land and dispersed its unreal beauty. Her native intelligence, once aroused and enlightened, told her that these men had spoken true words. She had been blinded by her own hunger for romance.

Cynthia had never thought so earnestly, or suffered from such keen and yet confused sensations as now, while she sat motionless among the ferns. It appeared to her an eternity that she was enduring, imprisoned here within the sound of all this frothy meaningless nonsense and noisy laughter.

Suddenly, as she sat there, her heart appeared to stand still, for the curtain was drawn abruptly aside, and Vavasour came into the conservatory.

With an impatient movement, he drew the curtain again behind him, thus shutting off the drawing-room, its heat, and its noise. He passed his hand over his forehead with an air of intense and irritable weariness. Then his eyes fell upon Cynthia, and for a second he regarded her in silence, for he almost thought she had fainted, or was asleep; she was so still. But her eyes were open, and had a look in them which struck him as extraordinary.

"Are you feeling ill, Miss Gray?" he said approaching her.

Suddenly her heart began to beat again; a sense of immense courage and coolness came to her.

"Oh, no," she answered; "but it is very hot to-day! Sit down here a moment; it is pleasant and cool."

"Yes it is delicious," answered Vavasour, taking a chair close to her.

The three in the drawing-room were talking and laughing so boisterously that their own voices were entirely drowned, unless they were very near each other.

"I have been thinking a great deal this afternoon," Cynthia went on, "and I suppose it is too hot to think. It has made my head ache."

"It's a mistake," said Vavasour indifferently. "Never think, if you can help it. I never do."

"Ah, but I have a great deal to think about just now," returned Cynthia, "and cannot very well help it! Do you know, Mr. Vavasour, I have been taking a leaf out of your book? All this season I have been playing a part; but I think every play should come to an end in time; don't you?"

"Certainly," answered Vavasour, "otherwise the public gets bored."

"I think," said Cynthia slowly, "that my poor little farce is played out. I am tired of my part. After all it is not a good one."

"Throw it up then," said Vavasour. "Doubtless you will get a better. What is this part that you are dissatisfied with?" He talked in an idle, indifferent way, as if he were merely humoring her fancy while he snatched a few moments quiet.

"The part of a poor girl," said Cynthia, putting her lace handkerchief to her lips for a moment.

Vavasour turned his head and shot a keen glance at her. She went on, speaking very deliberately—

"I am not a poor girl," she said; "I am rich. But I—or cousin Kate, rather—had an idea that I should become the prey of some fortune-hunter if I did not see a little of the world before I appeared in the character of an heiress. I think I have seen enough of it now. I am not afraid. I do not think I should be easily deceived by a fortune-hunter."

She looked him straight in the face as she spoke. Vavasour shrank back a little.

"What do you mean?" he stammered, with an eagerness which prevented his framing his speech any further.

"I mean," said Cynthia, with the same unmoved quiet, "that cousin Kate and I agreed to play a little comedy of our own for my benefit. We let people fancy my fortune was hers, while in reality she has but the five hundred a year which she had before my father died. He left nothing to her."

"Then the money—this house—the horses—everything—it is all yours?" Vavasour rose to his feet as he spoke, with an air of intense suppressed excitement.

Cynthia answered steadily—

"The money, house, horses—everything is mine. I know no reason to hide it any longer. I have seen something of the world now."

Cynthia dropped her eyes; and as Vavasour looked down at her face from where he stood beside her chair, an idea came into his mind.

Was she offering herself and her money

to him? He made an eager step towards her. The movement attracted her attention; and she raised her eyes to his face. Immediately she lifted herself out of her chair and drew herself up to her full height. Then she repeated, in a very low voice, some words she had already used—

"I shall never be the prey of a fortune-hunter."

There was scorn in her voice which penetrated Vavasour. He understood her. His eyes fell, and he stood irresolute. There was a painful pause. Cynthia broke it at last by a slight laugh, which had something unnatural in its sound.

"I believe *I* know how to spend money a great deal better than I did," she said, with a very good imitation of an indifferent manner. "I owe that knowledge—and a great deal else—to cousin Kate."

"It is a very agreeable knowledge when you have the money to spend," replied Vavasour, summoning all his histrionic training to his aid; he found it no easy task to speak lightly. "I congratulate you, Miss Gray, on the pleasant part you have to play now, and that you are going to appear in your true colors. Well, I must be going. I must get home; I seem to have been here all day."

Vavasour himself hardly knew how he got out of the conservatory, or out of the house.

In a few moments he was in the street. He had gone into the conservatory on the excuse of pinking a button-hole flower; he had not given Mrs. Vane time to remark that he had come away without one.

Cynthia when he dropped the curtain, fell back into her chair with a strange sense of breathlessness.

She lapsed into a sort of paroxysm of nervous irritation by degrees; without being aware of it, she tore her lace handkerchief into shreds.

It was an hour later that the corner of the curtain was very cautiously lifted by some one who well knew where Cynthia was most often to be found.

Then there was a sudden exclamation; and before long Cynthia had any idea of what had happened, she found Lord Ayrtoun bending over her.

For a moment the sense of kindliness, of sympathy, increased her distress; she let him wipe the streaming tears from her face with the remnants of her lace handkerchief; she let him cover her hands with kisses and call her by a hundred endearing names.

But suddenly she recovered herself, and pushed him from her. A dim sense of what he was saying had reached her mind. She escaped from him without any explanation, and fled through the drawing-room.

CHAPTER VII.

VAVASOUR showed his true character once in the most bare-faced manner, as it seemed to Cynthia. He came no more to the house. In truth he was afraid to do so.

He no longer desired to address himself to Mrs. Vane, and he dared not address himself to Cynthia; he knew that she had seen through him.

He walked the streets and went into society in fear and trembling; he continually expected to come face to face with Mrs. Vane.

He determined, the moment the run of "The Lady of Lyons" was over, to leave England for a time.

Mrs. Vane, as the days passed on and her admirer no longer came, was wrapped in a ceaseless wonder.

What had happened to Vavasour? What could keep him away? She poured an endless series of doubts and queries on the subject into Cynthia's ears, morning, noon, and night.

Cynthia made no answer, and met everything with silence. This attracted Mrs. Vane's attention at last.

"Upon my honor, Cynthia, I believe you know something about it!" she exclaimed.

But Cynthia still said nothing. The routine of the establishment went on just the same; no change was made. Cynthia seemed to have no immediate desire to announce herself before the world at large as an heiress.

Her secret intention was to let the house altogether when they left town, and to separate herself from her cousin Kate as soon as a feasible opportunity presented itself.

Cynthia shrank from a scene or a quarrel with any one; but she longed to be free from her cousin's companionship. Now that she understood her character more clearly, she understood the Major's expressions about her better.

At last, in despair, Mrs. Vane began to write letters to Vavasour. They were eager dashing, illegible letters, written on thick cream-laid paper, strongly scented, and much blotted with reckless, splashes of ink.

As far as Vavasour was able to make them out, they were ardent, angry, humble, apologetic for any fancied or unintentional offence, full of earnest entreaties for some explanation.

He replied to them by a note of a single line, saying he had a new part to study, and had no time even to visit his kindest friends.

When Mrs. Vane found that her most ardent effusions produced no effect upon him, and that in some mysterious way he was really lost to her, she parted with all patience, and fell tooth and nail upon Cynthia.

"It is you who have done it," she said; "I am certain of it! I heard from the servants afterwards that you had been in the conservatory all that afternoon when Vavasour was here last. And he went in there by himself. You talked to him—I know it—you told him the money was yours! I know you have played me some trick—you always adored that fellow—you made eyes at him—you made a hero of him."

"And found, after all," said Cynthia, with a faint smile, "that he was an every-day young man."

"And liked him none the less for that, I'll be bound!" cried Mrs. Vane. "The fact is, you wanted him yourself; you told him the money was yours, and expected him to propose on the spot. And he didn't. Of course not. Men like that have some taste; even ten thousand a year don't induce them to marry a school-girl. He's afraid to come near the house because you throw yourself at his head. It's no good; you can't marry a man by force."

"He is not afraid of my wanting to marry him," cried Cynthia, with a sudden vivid flash of scorn which surprised and for the moment silenced Mrs. Vane.

* * * * * *

Lord Ayrtoun was nearly as much puzzled by the state of things as was Mrs. Vane. He knew more positively than she did that Cynthia had had something to do with it; but what that was he could not tell. He was haunted by one dread—that she really loved Vavasour.

Vavasour came for his sittings to the studio, but, on the excuse of having some fresh engagements, changed his hour, and so managed altogether to avoid meeting Mrs. Vane and Cynthia. Lord Ayrtoun went on with his work, very anxious to get well advanced with it before the season should be so far over that his models would insist upon leaving London. But he was consumed with a ceaseless and ungratified curiosity.

Mrs. Vane dressed as carefully as ever, and talked as loudly; but some dark marks have made their appearance under her eyes and she had a tendency to fall into fits of sullen silence, from which she would rouse herself with difficulty and some ill-concealed groans.

She told Lord Ayrtoun she was unwell—worn out with the season—longing for a change.

Cynthia was quiet, sweet, and shy; she avoided being alone with him for a second, so that he could find no opportunity for making the declaration he desired to make. He resolved to write to her; but he was still anxious and disturbed about her relations with Vavasour.

At last, one day he determined to discover what he could from Vavasour himself. It was near the end of a two hours' silent and steady sitting.

Lord Ayrtoun threw down his brushes and hung his palette on a peg of the easel.

"I can't paint any more to-day," he said. "I'm tired. I want to be amused. Tell me how you came to split with the fair and fortunate widow."

Taken thus by surprise, Vavasour looked a little grave.

He turned and stretched himself before replying.

"Well," he said gloomily, "the fact is, I was on the wrong tack. I might have had the girl and the money both, if I'd only known how the land lay early enough."

"Oh-h," said Lord Ayrtoun, "that was it, was it? Mrs. Vane has been wearing borrowed plumes! Why didn't you go in for Miss Gray, when you found that out?"

Vavasour gave him an odd look, half ashamed, half guilty.

"I did think of it," he admitted; "but it was too late; it would have looked so terribly cold-blooded. With some girl's I might have managed it, even then; but not with Miss Gray. I shan't forget the look she gave me as long as I live. It made me feel horribly small, and I don't like that."

Lord Ayrtoun had in a corner of his studio a lovely little marble bust fastened against the wall; he had brought it home from one of his wanderings abroad.

In this he was washing his brushes, so that he remained standing with his back turned to Vavasour.

Over the marble basin hung an exquisite sketch of a woman's head.

To this face Lord Ayrtoun addressed himself, and whispered some confidential words—

"It's all right then—she saw through him! There's a chance for me, and a chance that I won't lose!"

Vavasour only saw his friend's back, and imagined him absorbed in the interesting occupation of washing brushes; so he went on talking.

"It was hard lines on a poor beggar like me," he said, "to be taken in by such a woman as that! Never mind; it's over; and Miss Gray saved me from a hideous fate. I shall always thank my stars that she interfered in time. I might have done murder if I'd married Mrs. Vane on five hundred a year!"

Lord Ayrtoun turned round now, holding his clean brushes in his hand.

"Then it's right, after all," he said, very cheerfully.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EQUALIZATION.—If the deductions of an eminent statistician be true the luxurious livers in large cities have much to answer for. According to calculations elaborately made by him the earth produces exactly enough corn, fruit and vegetables to give every being of its entire population a sufficiency, and so accurately is the supply equal to the demand, that a scarcity in any one quarter of the globe is always followed by a corresponding fertility somewhere else. This elaborate calculation has very little practical value in view of the fact that millions of the earth's inhabitants live upon cereals only, and that thousands overeat themselves every day of the year. It will take a long time to equalize things well.

What Was It?

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

IT was years ago, when I had been only a few hot seasons in India, and was still assistant to the magistrate and collector of a district in Southern Bengal, that the following strange adventure befell me; and though so long a time has elapsed since, and I have lived through laborious days, and seen changes, the remembrance of it has never faded from my mind, but is as clear and vivid as it was on the day after it happened.

I was stationed at W——, and one morning received a letter from my chief, requesting me to come over to head-quarters at A—— as soon as possible, as he had some business of consequence to talk over with me; so I forthwith made my arrangements, ordered my horse, and at sundown rode through the gates of the little fort of W——, in which my bungalow was situated and crossing the bridge over the moat, set off on my way to A——.

I stopped for a moment to watch two huge alligators who were playing together in the moat, and who every now and then raised their hideous heads above the water, disappearing again with a loud splash as they perceived me so near them; then, as I was about to go on, I remembered that my horse-keeper had set out two hours before me, and was to wait for me half-way, and that I knew but very vaguely in which direction my road lay, for I had determined on taking a cross-country track that would save me at least five miles' riding, the distance to A—— by the usual route being at least five-and-twenty.

So I asked information from the next peon I met who remarked, after giving it to me, that I had started very late, and would not pass the Bighur tope till after the moon had risen.

He laid some emphasis on the last words, but I took no heed of them.

Indeed they conveyed no meaning to me.

What did it matter to me if the moon rose before or after I had passed Bighur tope? Whenever she did rise, I should, no doubt, be glad of her silvery beams to light me on my lonely way.

For a very lonely way it was—across a plain, over which lay scattered huge blocks of granite, and from which rose barren hills, capped with masses of dark iron rock, which looked gloomy enough in the day, but which at night were weird and desolate in the extreme.

My path wound along at the base of these hills, and was soon, I found, strewed with large pebbles and fragments of stone that I was obliged to proceed at a foot's pace.

The sun was sinking fast, and I knew that the moment he disappeared beneath the horizon, darkness would cover the earth until the moon should rise to aid me with her light.

My horse was a good walker, however, and pushed on gallantly; but somehow, when the last beams of the sun disappeared he managed to stray from the track, and after an hour or so spent in fruitless wandering hither and thither, we came to a dead stop at the foot of a hill, more stony and barren-looking even than most of the others we had passed.

I looked around.

No traces of the track we had missed could I see.

The ground was covered thick with stones, and an undergrowth of wild palm and prickly pear, which in one direction quite barred our progress.

I got off my horse, and as I did so the first rays of the moon illuminated the savage landscape around with a beautiful welcome light.

I saw to the right of me a small tope of trees and a tank, round which a rough stone wall had been raised, and to which by the moonlight I could perceive a path, but seldom trodden, lead.

I took my horse by the bridle, and made my way towards it, hoping I might find some cow-herd or goat-boy camped in the tope of trees who would direct me on my way.

I was disappointed, however.

I tied my horse to a solitary nym-tree by the tank, and walked round the tope, and then through it.

No human being, or sheep, or cow, could I find.

Only one thing did I discover, and that was a solitary grave—the grave of a Christian, as the rough wooden cross at its head proclaimed, as well as the broad flat stone that lay over it; there was an inscription on it, too, but the shadow of the trees was deep and dark, and I could not decipher it.

I shuddered as I walked away towards the little tank, and seated myself on a large stone not far from it.

What a dreary place to die and be buried in!—for doubtless the poor fellow, native or European, had breathed his last beneath the trees through which the night-wind now moaned so sadly, and was buried where his last breath was drawn.

I thought what a sad ending to a perhaps young and happy life.

Maybe some young fellow like myself had been stricken down suddenly by cholera or sunstroke, and had died there, far from friends and home with only his servants around him in his very last moments.

A cold blast of wind, with a dreary rustle as it passed through the leaves of the nym-tree close by, made me shiver. The moon shone out more and more brightly as it rose and turning to take a look at my horse who stamped and fidgeted uneasily where I had tied him up, I saw, to my surprise seated on the rough low wall of unhewn stone, a man in European costume.

Where had he sprung from?

I had not heard any footsteps approaching.

There was no building, no hut—not even a tent in sight; how had he come upon me so suddenly?

I looked at him again, curiously, and the moon, now high above the horizon, fell full on his face and form; a tall, slender young fellow, dressed in riding costume, and wearing, though it was so late a sun helmet.

His face was sad, pale, and handsome, but there was a stony rigidity about it that made my blood run cold.

I moved, but he took no notice of me: still he sat, looking down, as it seemed to me, thoughtfully and sorrowfully into the dark waters of the tank.

Again the wind wailed mournfully around, rustling the leaves of the nym-tree and sighing amidst the tall, dry jungle around the tank; it fluttered my hair and beard, and even the skirt of my riding-coat but the hair of the young man opposite me, and the white handkerchief he held in his hand, were unmoved by it.

A cold terror was taking possession of me, when, to my relief, the figure moved, and advancing a few steps along the side of the tank, came nearer to me.

Then, for the first time, I noticed dark stains of something on the handkerchief he held and also on the breast of his coat.

"Good evening!" I said, in a voice I strove to render steady. "Are you camped anywhere near? I have lost my way; perhaps you could show me the track that leads to A——."

The figure faced me, and for a moment I felt its rigid, stony eyes fixed on mine; then without a sound, it moved away towards the tope, signing to me to follow.

In a moment I had loosened my horse, and was following the strange leader towards the tope of trees.

He led me into the middle of it, and then by a winding track out into the plain again, and I found myself standing beside the grave I have before mentioned.

My guide paused, raised his hat, and sighed deeply, and I perceived a dark red spot in the centre of his forehead; and then was alone: my strange companion had vanished!

A deep chill of horror spread over me. What had I seen? In whose company had I been?

And leaping on my horse, I laid the reins on his neck, and left him to take his own way, caring little at the moment where it might lead us, so long as it carried us away from the spot that had now become a terror to me.

My horse turned in the direction in which the figure had disappeared, and following the faint indications of a goat-path, in half an hour we found ourselves on the high road to A——.

"What is the name of the tope and tank I passed just now?" I asked of my horse-keeper, who I found waiting for me at the appointed place, a quarter of a mile further on.

"Bighur, sahib," was the reply.

And I rode on, wondering if amongst the natives Bighur was a place of evil repute.

I arrived at my journey's end at about ten o'clock at night, tired out, and with a disagreeable feeling I could not shake off, that I had yet more to learn about Bighur and the strange figure I had met there.

Had I really seen it? I questioned to myself, as I lay an hour later under a well-swinging punkah, vainly trying to sleep for all my fatigue, or had I fallen asleep for a moment on the big stone by the tank and dreamt the whole thing?

I tried hard to persuade myself it was so, but did not succeed as well as I could have wished.

Next day I was hard at work with my chief, and had little time to brood over my last night's adventure, and it was not till after dinner in the evening that I thought of it again.

"Do you know Bighur?" I asked.

"What the little tope with the tank close to it, ten miles off? Yes, of course I do; but you must have got out of your way a bit if you passed very near it," was the reply.

"I did, and I stopped for a while by the tank. Whose is the grave just outside the tope?"

My chief's brow grew clouded, and his merry face sad.

"Ah, there's a sad tale connected with that tope! Have you never heard it?—but, no, of course, you are still a stranger in these parts, and this happened ten years ago, when I first came to the district as magistrate."

I looked much interested, and begged him to tell me the story.

"Well, I had a young assistant then, F—— by name, as good and hard-working a young fellow as I ever saw, and who was a great friend of mine. I never knew a man who was kinder or more generous in his treatment of the natives with whom he had to do, and it was a fearful shock to us all when one morning we heard he had been found dead in his tent in that very tope, shot through the head by some wretch or other, who must have had a spite against him. But how pale you look, W——!"

"Never mind—go on!" I cried. "Was it ever discovered who did the deed?"

"Never; that's a sore subject with me, W——. I secured the district in search of the murderer, I strained every nerve to discover him, but up to the present day I have been unsuccessful. The wretch is still at large."

My chief paced excitedly up and down

the room as he spoke, and I could see he was greatly moved.

"They buried him in the grave you saw," he went on. "And I had a stone with an inscription to his memory put over the spot and some of his Christian servants put up the cross you doubtless saw there. Poor boy, poor F——! I often think of him lying out there all alone in that wild jungle tope, by which not once a year an English foot passes. If we have a church built here, as I hear Government intend, I'll have him moved and laid in consecrated ground W——."

"What was he in looks?" I asked, after a pause, during which I saw my chief pass his hand across his eyes more than once.

"Like? Oh! a tall, handsome young fellow—quite young. Stay; I've got his photograph here."

And he opened a photograph book and turned over the pages quickly.

My heart was beating strangely as he handed it at last to me.

"That is he—that is poor F——. A capital likeness too!" he said.

Reader, I recognized it at once; it was the figure of F—— I had seen by the Bighur tank the night before!

First and Last.

BY A. W. C.

IT was an assemblage where a few aged guests were looking backward through the long, dim lapse of years, to their own youth, and love, and bridal—something so like a dream that they could not feel it had ever been a reality.

And there were youth—young men and maidens—quaffing the bright-red wine cup of joyous hope, fresh love, and wild passion.

And there were the bridegroom and the bride just risen to receive the marriage rite.

The bridegroom was a frail, slight man, in whose deep, calm eyes the fires of intellect seemed quietly burning, as in a resting volcano, rather than flashing in the over-excitement of an untamed genius.

The calm, cold, and intellectually beautiful face was pale and attenuated.

And the bride was very lovely with her wavy rown hair, and bright sunny eyes, and lips just ready for a smile, and from whose cheek study, or midnight vigil, had never stolen its roundness.

When all was stilled for the solemn rite, another figure lightly entered, gliding like a spirit till she stood near the clergyman.

She was a lady of elegant form, and whose face must have been exquisitely beautiful, had health and happiness but given it one glow.

Her cheek and brow were white as Parian marble, and round her finely moulded head her black, glossy hair was wound in wavy, graceful folds.

Her eyes were large, and so darkly blue that at a first glance they seemed most like the liquid black common to the daughters of Italy.

But her chief beauty lay in her mouth and chin—red-lipped and dimpled beauty still rested there.

She was attired in a closely-fitting black silk dress, and over her shoulders was gracefully thrown a velvet mantle of the same color.

Her black attire was entirely unrelieved, save by a small pearl pin, placed in the neck of her dress, and a diamond of great beauty on one hand, and on the other a white kid glove.

She stood near, like a statue—her ungloved hand laid across her bosom, and the diamond on her finger glittering there like a star.

Even the bridegroom turned his eyes upon the figure.

He met her calm, bright, unchanging eye.

He saw the diamond.

Its brightness seemed to flash and dim his eye, while memory came back to him, and brought the moonlit evening, years before, when he had placed that same diamond on the hand of the bright, joyous girl, whose sad, unearthly beaut, now made her seem to him like a spirit from the grave and said—"This is for my bride."

His pale face flushed like wine, and then more than its wonted paleness came, and big drops of perspiration oozed from his brow but not a feature changed.

The ceremony proceeded.

Those large eyes turned not for a moment from the bridal pair, till at the close, when the prayer was offered, her eyelids closed, her long black lashes fringing them like a pall.

With palm to palm of white hand and glove, she seemed as if praying with strange fervor.

She noted for a few moments the greetings that were showered on the bride; then softly moving toward her, drew the diamond from her own finger, and placing it on that of the bride, turned to the bridegroom, and in tones low and clear murmured, "This is for your bride."

* * * * * * *

Hubert Lansing was a lonely widower, and with health and fortune ruined.

He sat alone in his room, conscious that the sands of life were ebbing very fast away.

The past and the present alike oppressed his soul.

His children—his daughters—to leave them friendless and penniless; and the image of Maria Wilder—his early love, his discarded bride—vividly was she pictured to his mind as he last saw her on the evening of his marriage, and the tones of her voice seemed again to fall upon his ear as she parted with his sacred gift.

Of all whom he had counseled and served of all on whom he had showered benefits, his heart turned to her as the only one to whose truth and benevolence he could, with unwavering confidence, intrust his children.

But could a mind delicately strung ask her to take them to her home and heart.

Thus wrapped in agonized thought his daughters entered.

The younger was especially his child, the inheritor of his intellect.

She bore, too, the name of Maria.

The mother had chosen the name in memory of a sister, but each time the father murmured it, it had been fraught with another memory.

This child, too, was the object of his greatest anxiety.

There was in her a depth of feeling, an intensity of emotion, a capability of suffering which he well knew required the guidance and sympathy of a strong and affectionate spirit, and to whom could he commit so holy a trust?

He stretched his hand toward the child, and said, "Maria."

The word fell upon his own heart with strange power.

There came back to him all the faith and unreserve tinged with a glow of his early love, and in the fulness of his heart he wrote her:

"Maria, I am a stricken man—the Lord has laid his hand upon me.

"'My wealth is scattered, and that energy of character, that strength of intellect which first won for me your undying love, has waned and is fast waning with my life.

"'Yes, I know that I am dying, that the decree is irrevocable, nor can I, like the ancient prophet, pray that it may be prolonged.

"'For seventeen years, Maria Wilder, your name has never passed my lips, nor has my pen traced one word to you; but now the 'waters of the great deep" are breaking up.

"'I will not attempt to palliate the past, but with my dying lips I affirm, that it was not in prospect of the great wealth which I received with my bride that caused me to break my faith with you, though I know that I was dazzled with the luxuriousness, the gems of art, and the brilliant gayety by which she was surrounded, and the high position which her father occupied in a nation's trust.

"'Yes, Maria, forgetful of you, I pledged myself to her; and you were almost lost to me in the whirl of excitement which followed, till, like a spirit from another world you appeared before me on the evening of my marriage.

"'Then I became myself again. It roused me to consciousness, as the force of a sudden calamity will sometimes bring to instant reason those made mad with alcohol.

"'The enchanter's wand was taken away.

"'What was luxury, or the works of art, but that which sordid gold might purchase?

"'And legislative fame, was it not as often won by cunning and low cabal, as by intellectual worth or moral power? And my bride—deep pity filled my heart for her and she became dear to me as a sister.

"'I was glad when I heard of your marriage. I knew that love could never more bloom in your heart—that the fire had gone over your soul and left it too "scorched and seared for the flower of a second love ever to find resting-place" there; but I thought the path would be very lonely, and might be long, and that it were better thus than to walk the valley all alone. Thoroughly I understand your nature, and know well that your tents were not easily struck, or readily pitched elsewhere—that your love was such as planted a 'terribly fixed foot.'"

"Think not that in this I had a secret satisfaction; for glad would I have been to have known that you had hated me, could it have given back to you the joyous love which I had blighted, and enabled you to have placed it as a fresh gift upon another altar.

"'And now years have gone over us, and to you alone can I commit my dying trust.

"'Maria, when I am dead, will you receive from me the only legacy which I have to impart—my children?

"'My last gift to you was a ring of betrothal—the next are children who called another mother.

"'Tell me that your home shall be theirs, and that your heart will receive them; and I die in peace.

HUBERT LANSING."'

Strong was the influence of sorrow upon Mrs. Carlton, the once light and joyous Maria Wilder.

From a dream which had made existence beautiful, and robed earth in the drapery of heaven, she was suddenly awakened to a life which she knew must forever be to her a failure and an abortion.

And then evil spirits came to tempt her. Despair, with its madness; misanthropy, with its bitterness; and gayety, with its heartlessness. But they won not the victory.

Strength from heaven came; hope, born from above, beamed in her soul; our common humanity she loved again; and she gathered the little wild-flowers of peace that grow in many lowly, hidden spots, and are found but by those who seek them.

She waited not for opportunities to perform great deeds of self-denial or of generosity, for she knew that those who would make others happy, who would have a "daily beauty in their lives" must, like Naaman, learn to bathe in other streams than those of Damascus; and her ever ready kindness and genial smile sent sunshine into many hearts.

It were at least doubtful, whether such a marriage as hers with James Carlton was wise and well. But if that deep confidence which never veiled a thought or feeling, if that sympathy of taste and affectionate regard which made the society of each grateful to the other were enough for such an union, it was theirs; and when, after many years, in which they had grown very dear to each other, death entered their dwelling and bore hence the generous and noble-minded husband, Mrs. Carlton mourned for him, not, it is true, with the wild and untamed agony with which she would have mourned the chosen of her youth, but with a deep, earnest and quiet sorrow.

Unhesitating, and rejoicing that even for him she would not have lived in vain, she answered the letter of Hubert Lansing.

"Hubert,—With a gladness akin to that with which I received your first gift, do I accept from you your last legacy; and the love, the passion, the agony which in my youth I gave to you shall be distilled into an intense affection which shall ever fall, faithful as evening dew, upon your children.

"I cannot tell you what consolation God has given me in my own children. It has been through them that he hath "tempered the wind to the shorn lamb," and remembered his promise, "the bruised reed I will not break."

"With gushing joy, with more than a mother's wonted tenderness, have I gazed upon my eldest, my noble son, my Walter, with his glorious intellect written on his brow, and his loving heart traced upon his lip. I have felt that had he called you, the beloved of my youth, had he called you father, my love for him could not have been greater.

"And now a new source of consolation you offer me in the gift of your children. I had not believed that in the arrangements of Providence it would ever be given me to do you another kindness, though I knew that to you or to yours as freely, as frankly, as when you knew me in youth and in happiness, would I minister to your pleasure.

"I cannot come to your side. The effort would be too painful both for you and me. Receive my boy as my own representative; trust to his care your children till my own arms shall embrace them.

"And now, Hubert, beloved, farewell; and rejoice with me that Heaven and Love are immortal—that the star whose brightness the vapors of earth have not dimmed, will only set in death to rise in heaven.

MARIA."

Death had done its work.

Hubert Lansing had yielded to that "tremendous necessity" that awaits all living.

The young Walter Carlton had, with his daughters, stood at his bedside, and mingled with theirs his tears of affection and sympathy; and so much was he the representative of his mother's youth, that in the dim, shadowy fancies of the dying man, he was the Maria of his youth, and with glazing eyes fixed upon him, among the last words his failing lips had uttered had been her cherished name.

The home of Mrs. Carlton became the happy home of the daughters of Lansing, and with her children they mingled as sisters, and became dear to one another as those of the same heartstone, while her own heart owned no difference in the love she bore her own and the children of her adoption.

BOUND TO GRUMBLE.—Some time ago there lived in Edinburgh a well-known grumbler named Sandy Blank, whose often recurring fits of spleen or indigestion produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability, which were highly relished by all except the fellow's good, patient little wife.

One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel. The haddies and eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and had been ordered by himself the previous evening; and breakfast passed without the looked-for compliment.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" asked Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Roasted or broiled?"

"Confound it, madam, if you had been a good and considerate wife you would have known before this what I liked!" Sandy growled out, and, slamming the door, left the house.

It was in the spring, and a friend who was present heard the little wife say, "Sandy's bent on a disturbance to-day. I shall not please him, do what I can."

The dinner time came, and Sandy and his friend sat down to dinner.

The fish was eaten in silence, and on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion he called out, "Boiled chicken! I hate it, madam! A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled."

Immediately the cover was raised from another chicken roasted to a turn.

"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken!" roared Sandy; "you know very well now it should have been cooked!"

At that instant a broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table.

"Without green peas!" roared the grumbler.

"Here they are, my dear," said Mrs. Black:

"How dare you spend my money in that manner?"

"They were a present," said his wife, interrupting him.

Rising from his chair, and rushing from the room, followed by a roar of laughter from his friend, he clenched his fist and shouted, "How dare you receive presents without my leave?"

Bric-a-Brac.

CHINESE FISHING.—In China, tame cormorants are used to supply the markets and the tables of their owners with fish. Rings are placed on their necks, loose enough to allow them to breathe, but too tight to admit of their swallowing. Then they are taken to a fish pond or stream, strings are fastened on their legs, and they go fishing. They dive and bring up the fish and their owners take it from them.

THEN AND NOW.—A great many instances occur in the progress of things, to show that a great deal of what we think peculiar to our own times, was known to the ancients. It is only a few years ago that the Austrians, improving the bed of the Danube, struck upon the track of an old towing-path, and in a cavern discovered a Roman account-book, belonging to an overseer of the work which book was written in the modern cursive or running-hand, showing that the Romans wrote as we do exactly. The leaves of this book were of wood, and contained the names of the workmen and their wages. It was asserted that the ancients did not know the use of glass windows, till such things were safely discovered in the ruins at Pompeii. It may also be mentioned, that the Romans, in the time of Caracalla knew the secret of distilling fresh water from salt water.

EATING AND WORKING.—Calvin's digestion was exceedingly weak, and no warm sunshine played on the grand, solid mountains of his intellect and his theology. Robert Hall, the great pulpit orator of England, once exclaimed, "I eat like a hog, and I preach like a hog." Much in the character of Doctor Johnson is explained by the fact that he was in the habit of taxing a voracious stomach to the utmost. A paper devoted to scientific subjects speaking of Carlyle, who began early to suffer from dyspepsia, says, the gloomy view he took of the constitution of modern society was a reflex of the mental depression due to bad digestion. His railings and wailings over the degeneracy of the times, his hopelessness of any improvement, and his mean opinion of all the literary men and women with whom he came in contact, had their origin in the same morbid state.

SHORT AND LONG.—The list of persons of short stature, who achieved celebrity in one way or another, is a long one. We will only mention the chief of them? David the slayer of Goliath; Alexander the Great; Attila, the scourge of God; Alypius, the philosophor of Alexandria, who thanked God that He had not burdened his soul with a larger mass of corruptible matter; Gregory of Tours; Pepin the Short; Philip Augustus; Albert the Great, whom the Pope asked repeatedly to rise, believing him to be still kneeling at his feet; the King of Poland, Vladislas, surnamed "Lokietek" (no bigger than an ox); Erasmus; Pope John XXII.; Prince Eugene; Maria Theresa; Hoffman; the Italian Apostoli, envoy of the Republic of San Marino in the French Republic, who got into a rage every time he was told that he was about the same size as his country; lastly, Napoleon I. and his historian, Thiers.

FANNING THE GRAVE.—A Chinaman died soon after his marriage with a young and lovely woman. As he was dying, the wife was loud in her protestations of grief, and her determination not to marry again. The husband was not unreasonable; he only asked that if she did take another spouse she would wait until the earth upon his grave was dry. She promised, and he died and was buried, and many a young and handsome bachelor of the province of Shantung was present at the funeral. Daily she stole to his grave and wept, but she took care that none of her tears fell upon the soil. At last, after a few days, Chwengtsze happened to pass, and saw her fanning, not herself, but the damp earth. He asked the reason, and she told him of her husband's last request and her promise, and begged him to assist her. So she offered him a fan, and there they sat to fan away the moisture; the grave was so long a-drying.

LOST AND FOUND.—A number of years ago some miners in Wales, in exploring an old pit that had long been closed, found the body of a young man dressed in a fashion long out of date. The peculiar action of the air of the mine was such as preserved the body so perfectly that it appeared asleep rather than dead. The miners were puzzled at the circumstance. No one in the district had been missed within their remembrance, and at last it was resolved to bring in the oldest inhabitant, an old lady long past her eightieth year, who had lived single in the village the whole of her life. On being taken into the presence of the body a very strange scene occurred. The old lady fell on the corpse and kissed it, and addressed it by every term of endearment spoken in a bygone generation. He was her only love, and she had waited for him during her long life. She knew he had not forsaken her. The old lady and young man had been betrothed sixty years before. The lover had disappeared mysteriously, and she had kept her faith during the long interval. Time had stood still with the young man, but had left its mark on the woman. The miners who were present were a rough set, but very gently, and with tearful eyes, they removed the old lady to her house, and that night her faithful spirit rejoined that of her long-lost lover.

THE BRIDAL ROBE.

What bewildering spell, with its glamor,
Has entranced the sweet maiden at last,
So busily, busily stitching,
While youth and its pleasures flit past?

Do you think, if you ask, she will tell you?
Ah! the rose-tints will deepen the while
She saucily arches her shoulders,
And answers you but with a smile.

For the raiment she dutifully fashions
Is to deck the fair form of a bride,
When soon, in her maidenly beauty,
She shall stand the proud bridegroom beside.

She seems but a fragment of cloud-land,
'Mid that billowy network of lace:
And you almost expect the bright vision
To arise and float off into space.

The crown her deft fingers are weaving
Is an orange-wreath, bright for a day;
But the crown that her loving heart craveth
Is Love's garland, and fadeless for aye.

Keep stitching, O dream-haunted maiden!
Build castles, as long as ye may!
For sweet bridal roses and raiments
Weeping wives have laid sadly away.

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED)

I IMAGINE all Llanover is 'one,' as you call it, in regretting such a misfortune to Sir William Lloyd's family," returned Winifred.

"Misfortune!" said Evans.

"Well, yes, perhaps it ought to be called a misfortune, though I don't suppose some people would call it one to have some thousands down in hard cash, eh, Miss Herbert?—but I forgot, you are too young and unselfish to understand the full value of money just yet.

"You don't quite accord with Mr. Evan in that, I dare answer for it."

There was a cold sneer in the man's tone which incensed even the gentle nature of Winifred Herbert.

"Mr. Evan Lloyd would not consider any money equivalent to the misery which the fire has caused," said Winifred very indignantly.

"I am quite certain of that."

"Indeed," said the overlooker.

There was a pause.

Winifred quickened her pace, but in vain, for Hugh Evans still walked by her side.

"Have you seen Miss Lucy lately?" he asked.

"No," was the short reply.

"Then you have not heard of Mr. Evan's illness?"

Winifred stopped, and gazed anxiously at him.

"Ill! Where?—when?" she gasped.

"When? Within the last fortnight."

"Where?"

"In London," he answered quietly. "It was a sudden attack of fever.

"He is better now, I believe, but still too ill to be moved."

Winifred could no longer keep up her anxiously maintained reserve.

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked; laying her hand on his arm, and looking up pleadingly in his face.

"Do not jest with me by idle tales. I am not such a simple girl as to be trifled with or insulted at your pleasure."

Hugh dared not push her too far; he had confirmed already every suspicion he had before entertained, and he had no wish to incur her displeasure.

"I really do not understand you," he said as mildly as he could.

"I told you the truth when I said Mr. Evan had been ill.

"He is at an hotel in London, and we only knew of his attack when the worst was over.

"Mr. Thornton is going to fetch him down home in a few days, as soon as he can be moved.

"But you need not be alarmed, Miss Herbert. He is out of danger, I can assure you."

Winifred was very pale, and her limbs felt weak and shaking, but she made a resolute effort to hide her feelings from that hated Hugh Evans.

"I am glad to hear it," she said. It would have been a dreadful sorrow for dear Lucy and his parents.

"I shall go up to the Grange to-morrow and hear from themselves all the particulars. Good day, Mr. Evans."

"One moment, Miss Herbert," he said, placing himself suddenly before her. "I can read you better than you fancy, and the day may come when you may be thankful that an honest and true-hearted man kept to you, in spite of all that may happen to drive him away from all such thoughts. Take my advice.

"Learn to know your real friends, and lovers too, before you trust in the wrong place, and offend those you had best secure as your helpers in time of need. Some day you will remember my words."

He dropped her hand, which he had grasped while speaking, and walked rapidly in the direction of his own cottage.

Winifred remained motionless where she was standing, her cheeks varying from red to white, and white to red, as indignation, shame, and fear, rapidly succeeded each other in her mind.

That a man like that, the servant of her husband—for in that moment of outraged pride Winifred hesitated not to claim the rank she held as Evan's wife—the coarse, uneducated, low-born Hugh Evans, should dare to threaten, to taunt, and, worse still, to insult her by the half-avowal of his love, was a humiliation not to be endured.

Not to be endured!

Alas, poor Winifred! what redress could she seek?

Who was to protect or avenge her now?

Her father could not—must not, even suspect the truth.

Evan was ill and suffering, and far away.

The young girl gathered fresh energy at the last thought.

She could not remain quiet under that agony of suspense.

She would go to the Grange, and learn from Lucy the truth.

She would not give credence to the report of Evan's danger.

It might be a vile calumny, invented to probe her real feelings.

Winifred wrapped her cloak round her yet more closely, and drawing her veil over her face, hurried along the road to the Grange, and soon entered its well-known precincts.

It wore a desolate look to the girl's excited imagination.

Everything appeared neglected, and uncared for, and faded.

She forgot that a very short time at that period of the year changes the aspect of any spot.

All was connected with Evan in her idea, and spoke of danger and suffering to him.

She entered the house by a side-door which was used by the family, and had always been free to her, as Lucy's most constant companion.

The passage from the door led to the sitting-room generally used by Lady Lloyd and her daughter in the morning, and passed by the apartment appropriated to Sir William.

As she walked lightly along, her footsteps too noiseless to be heard by any person engaged in conversation or any particular employment, she heard Sir William say, in an excited tone, "I tell you, I neither can nor will make any distinction whatever."

"Then this is your final reply, Sir William?"

"It is," said he.

"Then you and your son may repent it ere long," was the stern reply; "you will hear from me again, Sir William."

Ere Winifred was out of sight and hearing, the door opened, and James Harper came out, his hard, dark face, more gloomy and bitter than ever.

Winifred disliked the man whose wife had more than once applied at the Farm for help, on the ground of her husband's unkindness, and refusal to give her sufficient for her family's support, and she hastily opened the door of the sitting-room, and found herself in Lucy's presence, while her heart was still beating high with the alarm she had felt at the words and look of the weaver.

"Darling Winny, what is the matter?" exclaimed the young girl, rising from before a desk, where she was busily writing; "I have been expecting you for this week past, and now that you are come, you look worse than I do, with all that we have had to trouble us."

"I have not been quite well, Lucy," replied Winifred; "but never mind me, I want to hear all about you and your dear mother, and——"

"Poor Evan, I hope you have the grace to mean?" exclaimed Lucy, whose gay spirit nothing could quite crush.

"Well, we are improving a little, I hope, dear Winny; but it has been so sad, and I dare not even think of the troubles that seemed to threaten us, lest I should give way altogether."

The tears rushed into Winifred's eyes; she was glad of an excuse to give way to the choking emotion she had been striving to suppress.

"Well, Winny, love, to tell the truth," said Lucy, placing her on a low seat by the fire, and sitting down by her, "I have been more desponding than I ever thought I could be.

"First, you know, came the terrible fire, and then Evan went off to London, looking more like a ghost, or a somnambulist, than a human being, and poor mamma was so completely upset by the trouble, that I dreaded it might bring on a serious illness. And last, and worst, Evan had a severe attack of fever in London, and we did not even hear of it till he was out of danger—or, at any rate, nearly so.

"So you see, we have had severe sorrows, one on another, without any relief."

"But—but they are better now, Lucy, are they not—I mean your mother?" stammered poor Winifred.

"You are very strange to-day, dear Winifred," said Lucy.

"Why should you seem so anxious not to take any interest in poor Evan? My mother is stronger to-day than she has been yet, and I hope Mr. Thornton will bring Evan back with him in a very few days to be nursed well again before he goes abroad for a few months."

"Abroad!" said Winifred, starting. "Is he going abroad, Lucy?"

"Yes," replied Lucy; "he is to pay a visit to papa's friends, the St. Hilaires, in France, while all these tiresome affairs are being arranged.

"Papa talks of having the mill rebuilt, but I fancy Evan would rather wait a little before he makes up his mind. This sad calamity seems to have given him a regular distaste for the place, and for the business altogether."

Winifred had turned very pale.

The idea of a long uncertain separation, and the indefinite future, thus threatened, was dreadful.

Poor girl, she began to realise the misery which concealment of one departure from right-doing inevitably entails.

"I do not remember your speaking of these friends, Lucy," she said, trying to speak indifferently, and to learn all she so longed to know without exciting her friend's suspicions. "Do you know them?"

"Oh, no, I never saw them," replied Lucy, "and papa scarcely knows these younger ones, though he was intimate with their parents.

"There is a son, the Count de St. Hilaire, quite a young man still, I believe, not much older than Evan, and a daughter, still younger, who lives with him at a most lovely place, the Chateau de St. Hilaire, in the south of France.

"It will be a charming trip for Evan."

"Are they—I mean, is Mademoiselle de St. Hilaire—so handsome?" asked Winifred, bending over her cloak strings, which had got perversely entangled.

"What a question!" said Lucy, gaily. "Why, Winny, I told you this moment I had never seen her."

"I—I thought you said something about her being lovely.

"I was not attending, I suppose," stammered Winifred.

"It was the place—the estate—I was talking about, not Laura de St. Hilaire," replied Lucy, smiling.

"You have indeed an absent fit to-day, Winny. But, after all, I believe I might tell you very safely that this wonderful count and his sister are handsome, for papa says the parents were remarkably so."

Winifred sighed, but the cloak-strings were now successfully disentangled; she re-tied her cloak, and rose to go.

"Why, Winny, you have hardly sat down yet, and not seen mamma.

"I shan't hear of any such frantic proceeding!" exclaimed Lucy, in astonishment.

"But you must, dear Lucy," said Winifred.

"I came out without telling my mother that I intended coming here, and she will be frightened at my staying out any longer especially after my adventure that wretched afternoon."

"Ah, that was the last time you were here," observed Lucy; "and what a brave chevalier Mr. Thornton proved himself! Ah, Winny, little puss that you are, who would have thought you so dangerous to that grave Charles Thornton?

"But it would be a charming match for you—I like him so much; and then you would be safely settled here."

"Nonsense, Lucy," said Winifred, snatching pettishly away the hand her friend had taken; "you know I never would——" She stopped—the tears were fast rising to the soft eyes.

"Why not, love?" said Lucy." I would not give you to any of the horrid young farmers about here, you may be certain; and Mr. Thornton is so nice and so very good.

"Oh, it would be delightful! and then, if Evan brought Mademoiselle de St. Hilaire to Llanover, we should have quite a charming circle."

This was too much.

Winifred drew her veil down, and with a smothered "Good-bye!" hurried from the room and the house.

Lucy remained thoughtful and perplexed.

Could it be?

Why should it not?

And yet such a thought had never occurred to her, and she feared not to Evan either.

He had always spoken of Winifred Herbert as "a charming, simple little creature, very loveable and gentle," but never as if he had the slightest idea of falling in love with her, or making her his wife.

Moreover, Lucy was by no means certain that such a match would be agreeable to her parents.

The Herberts were of an old, but still of a mere yeoman family, and in the neighborhood simply ranked as farmers.

Besides, the mother of Winifred was so completely out of all pale in her ideas, intellect, and manners, that she alone would be a serious drawback to any close connection with the Lloyd family.

Lucy loved her friend dearly, but on the whole, a quarter-of-an-hour's reflection convinced her that it would be better for her to forget Evan during his absence, and to think as much as possible of the excellent and agreeable Mr. Thornton.

It never occurred to Lucy's unsuspecting mind that she herself might prove a serious obstacle to any such arrangement as she was now contemplating.

And with the hopefulness of her age and her temperament, she soon persuaded herself that the charming little plans she meditated would easily be carried out.

CHAPTER XII.

EVAN LLOYD lay on a huge sofa close to the blazing fire of a tolerably quiet and comfortable apartment in a private hotel in Pimlico.

He was alone, but on the table beside him stood various appliances for an invalid's comfort, in the absence of an attendant.

A jug of lemonade, a bottle of smelling salts, a plate of jelly, and one or two books furnished him with the means both of bodily and mental refreshment, without using the bell which was close to his side.

But all these luxuries or comforts, were untouched, and Evan lay back on his pillow, his eyes sometimes closed, sometimes fixed on vacancy, and his lips working from time to time with a convulsive movement of bodily or mental pain.

He was very pale, and much thinner than when we first introduced him.

The brilliant eyes, which Lucy so often laughingly called the "Koh-i-noors," were restless and glittering, yet dimmed and sunk by pain and weakness.

And yet the illness which had thus prostrated him had been a very short but severe attack of what the doctor consolingly termed a "simple fever."

Evan Lloyd was young and of unbroken constitution.

The effect of so short an illness somewhat puzzled the excellent surgeon who had been called in, and he was exceedingly relieved at the prospect of his patient being intrusted to the care of a responsible person, empowered to control his wayward fancies more strictly than either doctor or nurse.

"It cannot be long," had escaped unconsciously from Evan's lips.

"The time is nearly up, and then his absence must be discovered."

"No, sir, it can't be long," observed a good-looking, motherly woman, who had entered unperceived.

"The gentleman wrote word, he'd be here at eight o'clock, and it's now half-past seven."

The young man started, and looked angrily at the speaker, but the honest face defied suspicion, and he sunk back again on his pillow without replying.

A cab now drove rapidly to the door, a ring and knock, very disproportioned to the size of the house and the patient's nerves, succeeded, and then a step rapidly came up stairs, so rapidly that Mrs. Witherspoon only reached the door of the room as Mr. Thornton entered it.

"Well, Lloyd, you are better now," he said, approaching the sofa, and holding out his hand kindly, but with an involuntary touch of coldness in his manner.

"Much better, thank you," replied Evan.

"Sit down, and they will bring you some dinner, or some meat and tea, as you prefer."

"Tea, then, and the solids with it," said Mr. Thornton; "but lie still, and don't trouble yourself about me, or I shall do you more harm than good by coming."

"You were very good to take the journey but I think it was an unnecessary tax on your Christian philanthropy," replied Evan, bitterly.

"Not at all," said Mr. Thornton; "your father was naturally anxious that you should not travel alone, and he also wished me to complete any unfinished business which you were not strong enough to transact."

"What business?" asked the invalid, eagerly, raising himself on his arm. "How does my father know that it is unfinished?"

"Nothing very important, my good fellow, only one or two suggestions for the architect, and he wants me to ascertain one or two other matters for him, which will be easily done to-morrow," replied Mr. Thornton.

"The day after, if you are well enough, we will start for Llanover, and travel by easy stages, as you are able."

Evan did not reply, but asked bitterly, "Are my father's commissions then a very profound secret?"

"Certainly not, from his son," replied Mr. Thornton; "but I will not enter into any details to-night.

"In the morning we will talk more about my day's work.

"To-night I will tell you all the gossip you may wish to hear, and you can be quiet and listen without talking yourself into a relapse."

"I suppose that my affairs and myself are the principal topics of conversation," observed Evan, "and I really am sufficiently weary of my own thoughts without being bored by other people's absurd comments."

"And I should be about the last person to hear or repeat them," returned the clergyman quietly, "though there are occasions when it is useful to know what is thought of us by others.

"However, we will drop anything personal, if you please, and talk of your French trip, which your father is anxious for you to take as soon as possible, while the mill is rebuilding."

"I have not decided on rebuilding the mill," said the young man. "I shall talk with my father on the subject before a stone is laid."

"Perhaps you will change your mind, and go into the Church, after all," said the young curate good-humoredly. "or take a tutorship, like your friend, Mr. Allnutt. By the way, I am to go to the Shipping Office to-morrow to learn whether anything has been heard of him.

"I suppose he sailed on the fifth? but it is strange that he gave no notice of his departure.

"Sir William intended to send a parcel by him to his old friend."

"He was always a strange fellow," replied Evan, with a faint smile. "I think, Mr. Thornton, I must take your advice and go to bed.

"I suppose your arrival has excited me a little. I am wretchedly weak, even yet."

As he walked slowly from the room, his pallid face and trembling limbs amply confirmed the assertion, though he resolutely refused Mr. Thornton's offer to assist him

to bed, or to visit him afterwards in his room.

He seemed only too anxious to get away from him, and "be alone and quiet;" or, as the clergyman mentally decided, "free from observation."

There was a strange, unnatural moodiness about the invalid, which, even to the curate's practised eye, was scarcely to be accounted for by sickness alone.

There was some deeper and more prominent cause for the wayward, fitful temper, the touchiness, the repelling ingratitude with which his kindly services had been met, and Mr. Thornton shuddered at the unavoidable inference.

Was Lucy's brother a felon—amenable to the laws—liable to a discovery to which the slightest clue might at any moment lead?

A vague, wretched suspicion occurred to the curate, which made him say to himself, as he prepared for bed two hours later, "God grant that I may find that this same Allnutt has sailed; it would set one horrid fear at rest."

On the following morning Evan Lloyd seemed more like himself, though there were still traces of the same feverish excitability and impatience in his manner towards Mr. Thornton.

He did not attempt any opposition to the plans for the day, which the clergyman proposed in accordance with Sir William's instructions.

Perhaps Mr. Thornton's quiet decision of manner warned him that it would be in vain.

It was late when the young clergyman returned, and a deep red flush on Evan's cheeks betrayed the anxiety with which he had awaited his coming.

Mr. Thornton's face was grave, and his manner constrained and unlike himself, as he replied to Evan's questions about the various affairs he had been transacting during the morning.

Then a pause ensued.

Mr. Thornton appeared to hesitate in something he had to communicate; he looked more than once at his companion as if expecting some further inquiry; his lips opened as if to speak, and then, with a slight clearing of the throat, he closed them again, without saying what was evidently on his tongue.

Still Evan took no notice; he went on to ask, with even feverish rapidity, questions of no real moment; then pressed refreshments on his guest, and rang hastily for them to be brought, declaring that while Mr. Thornton dined he should go to his room for an invalid's siesta, and join him at ten.

The curate made no opposition. Whatever he had to say was evidently no pleasant communication, and he permitted the delay, though he might perhaps have felt it cowardly and wrong to occasion it himself.

"You have not heard the whole, Mr. Lloyd," said he. "My own opinion is, that there is some strange mystery under the matter.

"It appears that Allnutt went to the office of the company some weeks since, and made several inquiries in his proper name about the time of sailing, requirements, and length of passage; and, as it happened, the clerk to whom he spoke was especially struck by his appearance and manner, which he described as remarkably gaunt and moody."

"Well, what of that?" interrupted Evan, impatiently. "Is it part of his duty to register passengers' looks and manners, like a French detective? The fellow must be an impertinent idiot."

"Scarcely impertinent or idiotic for using his eyes," replied Mr. Thornton, gravely, "and in this case it has done good service. The man is confident that the passenger who went to the Cape, using the cabin and the belongings, and taking the name of Henry Allnutt, was not the same as the person who applied to him for information, and who also gave his name as Mr. Allnutt."

This time Evan's start and exclamation of surprise were unmistakeably genuine.

"Good heaven's! what can it mean?" he said, in a low hollow voice.

Mr. Thornton felt inwardly thankful for this proof, slight though it was, of Evan's ignorance of Allnutt's movements.

"It means foul play, I fear," replied the curate.

"The poor fellow may have met with some severe accident, or worse. Indeed, the fact of some one else having taken his name and credentials looks terribly like murder!"

"It is dreadful," was Mr. Thornton's reply to the mute comment on his information. "The criminal will, I trust, be brought to justice—nay, I feel sure that he will; far more secret deeds than his have been brought to light by God's providence."

"You should be certain that a crime has been committed," remarked Evan, who had now recovered himself.

"I cannot at all agree with you that there is any sort of evidence that any one is guilty. Allnutt was a singular, wayward being, and might easily have changed his mind, and perhaps sold his passage and documents for half price to some unlucky pedagogue in want of a berth. He will turn up some day, before long."

"I do not think it," said Mr. Thornton; "and what is more, I shall certainly not trust to conjecture, but take measures on our return to ascertain where and when he was last seen, unless you do so, as would be most natural."

The young curate looked earnestly and inquiringly on his companion's face as he spoke. But Evan was either unconscious of his suspicions, or fully prepared to meet them.

"My dear fellow" said he, "take my advice and don't meddle in an affair which you do not understand. I have reason to believe in any strange freak of this poor fellow's. To tell you the truth, he got into a very unpleasant scrape two or three years since, in which I stretched a point to shield him from the consequences he certainly deserved. Since then he has seemed to be a great deal more suspicious than grateful to me; and when I offered him this situation as a means of starting in life again, he hesitated, and half refused to take it. Now I strongly suspect that he has shirked the affair at the last moment, and is living on the profits."

To say the least, there was plausibility in this, and Mr. Thornton thought over it for a few moments.

"It may be so," said he; "but I cannot agree with you that we should rest on such an idea. No one ought to be allowed to disappear so strangely without some inquiry. You are perhaps scarcely strong enough to undertake the trouble but I shall certainly take some measures to discover the truth."

Mr. Thornton emptied his cup as he spoke, and rose to leave the room as if to avoid further discussion.

As he closed the door Evan started from his sofa, and struck the table with his clenched hand with a force which belied his physical weakness.

"Meddling fool!" he exclaimed. "I wish these parsons were chained to their own pulpits, and then I for one should know how to avoid them. But I am safe—I must be safe. It is impossible to make stones speak; and yet I fancy he suspects me. And this fellow who is gone under his name, what does that mean? Who can have known where and how to get such complete information, and presume on his death? That is an ugly fact; but whoever he is, for his own sake the fellow would tell no tales; and I will be off without delay from home. Home!"

The word brought a bitter, mocking smile on his lips, and he murmured, "Rather an Inquisition than a home. Winifred, Thornton, even that rascal Evans, and my own worthy father, are the grand inquisitors and torturers; but I will give them the slip and try to forget the last twelve month. One short year—what a change it has made in me! Would that I could return to what I was then—to innocence and happiness.

Many have sinned, and wished, and weakly lamented, like Evan Lloyd, without the real repentance which induces atonement and reformation.

Many like him have plunged deeper into sin to hide past errors, and drunk deep of the bitter cup of sure and inevitable retribution before the necessary but most painful work of true remorse and confession is done.

Evan Lloyd had yet much to suffer, and alas! he was too winningly attractive, too dearly loved, not to involve others—good, fair, and innocent—in the misery he had wrought for himself.

Mr. Thornton did not renew the subject when he returned to the room; and soon afterwards Evan retired to rest, on plea of the journey of the morrow, which was to be taken by easy stages, and to occupy two or three days, as the invalid's strength might render necessary.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WINIFRED, my own darling, do not weep so. I shall soon return, and then I trust to make you my wife in the face of the world."

The young girl looked up, and gazed at Evan through her tears, with a startled timid look.

"Am I not already your wife, Evan?" she whispered.

"Silly girl," he replied, impatiently. "Why vex me with such idle cavils just at this last meeting? Of course, you know that a ceremony passed which satisfied us both."

"And bound us both," said Winifred timidly.

"Yes, yes, of course," said he; "but I suppose you would prefer a more regular and authorised wedding, little puritan that you are, and there is no occasion for letting other people into our romantic secrets."

"Then you would act as if no marriage had taken place last Autumn," said Winifred anxiously.

"Certainly," he replied; "but it is nonsense, Winny, to talk of these things now; I would rather kiss my little Madonna, and hear her sweet voice, promising to think of and love me, than talk about such prosaic subjects. Look up and smile at me, Winny pet, and don't let me take a tearful reproachful look as my last impression of my pretty recluse."

"Ah, there it is," she said, sadly. "I am too humble, too knowing, too simple for you, Evan. When you are far away, and mixing with other and more brilliant girls, your equals in birth, you will repent that you have bound yourself to the farmer's daughter."

"If you do not wish to make me regret the past, you will not yield to these foolish, jealous fancies," said Evan, turning away with an impatient gesture. "I have given you the strongest proof of my affection for you, Winifred, but I certainly never intended to remain in Llanover all my life, nor be bound not to speak to any woman but yourself."

Winifred flushed at the unkind words, but there were feelings in her heart that could not be repressed even from the fear of offending her husband.

"Dearest Evan, forgive me!" she said; "but I must speak this once, now that you are going to leave me for so long a time. Evan, dear, my heart is breaking with the constant self-reproach and misery of this wretched concealment. Every word, every look of my parents or of yours, every loving expression from Lucy, cuts me to the very quick. I feel I am a guilty creature, unworthy to be in their very presence, much less to receive any mark of their love. Oh Evan, my Evan, release me from my promise! Let me confess my fault, my grevious fault, at any risk, any consequences to myself——"

"Or to me," said Evan, coldly. "Is this your boasted love, Winifred Herbert?"

She started at the name, and looked wistfully in his face.

"Don't be so terribly touchy, Winifred," he continued, carelessly. "You certainly were Winifred Herbert when you assured me so confidently of your affection. What can a name signify?"

Poor Winifred; Just then a name was all to her.

"However," he resumed, more kindly, "I dare say you have scarcely thought of all the consequences of what you urge, or you would not be so vehement in your entreaties, or rather demands. Remember that I am beginning afresh, and scarcely know what career I shall choose now that I am once more free. My father does not like my giving up the mill, and wants it rebuilt; and I, in my turn, choose to take a little time to consider before I throw away my money, and bind myself to what might not answer after all. So you see it would be a most unlucky time to choose for the 'confession' you talk of, and I certainly will take no part in it, nor forgive such a violation of our agreement."

Winifred could with difficulty restrain the tears from gushing out, but she knew from experience the horror Evan had of fits of weeping, and she forced them back with a great gulp.

"I would never willingly disobey you, dear Evan," she said mournfully; "but surely—surely you can feel for your poor little Winny, with such a dreadful load of suspense and self-reproach on her heart, and you are going to leave her for months, and——"

She stopped; she remembered Evan's warning against "jealous fancies," and her self-control was apparently not altogether in vain.

His arm wound again round her waist, and he bent down and kissed her with some of his old tenderness.

"Poor little timid birdie," he said; "my tender darling, there is perhaps some excuse for you, though you have chosen an unlucky time for pressing me on this subject. Listen to me, love, and try to judge reasonably; and prove yourself a sensible, prudent little wife."

The girl smiled through the bright tears that stood in her eyes; they were joyful tears now, and could not offend Evan's jealous susceptibilities.

"I will try, Evan," she said, simply.

"Well, then," he continued, "you can understand that my father is neither very much inclined to take a bright view of anything just now, nor to be particularly disposed to indulge any new wish of mine, after disappointing his hopes in two respects. His great anxiety for me was that I should become a clergyman, and then that I should be a prosperous, wealthy millowner; I have thwarted him in both: I can therefore hardly expect he should agree to what he would, perhaps, think at least ill-timed. In plain words, love, he would tell me that I ought either to have a fortune to keep a wife, or marry one with a fortune; he would refuse his consent in vexation, and afterwards keep to his disapproval from pique. Can you not understand, Winifred, that such would be the natural consequence of his being asked for his consent just now in our case?"

"Then what hope is there?" she asked, with a heavy sigh. "Oh, Evan, I feared—I knew that I was not your equal—that I was no wife for you. Why did I listen to inclination instead of what I knew to be my duty? I deserve to suffer; but you—I cannot bear to be a clog on you, Evan."

It was impossible to resist such unselfish, pure tenderness.

Evan's old feelings revived in their full force, and he clasped the beautiful girl in his arms with a lover's warmth and tenderness.

"My own Winifred!" he exclaimed, "do not talk so. You are only too good for me; you would grace a far higher station than a poor baronet's son's wife can ever expect to attain. Do not blame your dear self, my love, but rather the evil star which has pursued, and baffled my calculations. But it will soon change, darling. Wait but a few months more, and then I will come back prepared to take some decided step: and then we will bid defiance to the whole world, if necessary, and live for each other alone."

The old words, the old sickening hopes and assurance, and, as a natural result, in this ever-changing and yet never-changing life, the same trusting, loving compliance, and dangerous trust, and delusive belief in the future.

With a lighter heart, and yet more devoted love for the man who had as yet given her none but word-proofs of his attachment to herself, or the reality of the promises so frequently repeated, so constantly delayed, Winifred parted from her lover-husband.

CHAPTER XIV.

"IF you please, Sir William, a man wants you," was the announcement which met the worthy father of Evan Lloyd on his return from accompanying his son to the station on the morning of his departure for the Continent.

"Who is he, Ford? I really cannot see any one except on urgent business. I am very tired."

The tone was rather sad and weary, and the old servant saw it with respectful sympathy.

"I know the man by sight, Sir William; he was one of the mill men; but I don't know his name, and he said you would not, either. Shall I send him away?"

"Ask him his business," replied the baronet, after a moment's consideration. "He may be in distress; and stay, bid him give his name as well."

Ford left the room and soon returned, with a face as expressive of curiosity and surprise as a well-bred servant can be supposed to be.

"Please, Sir William, he says his name is Jonas Harper, and that his business can only be explained to you, but that it concerns you as much as himself."

Sir William turned pale; he had grown nervous of late.

"Show the man into my study, and bring me some wine and a biscuit here. Where are your mistress and Lucy?"

"Gone to the village, I think, Sir William. They hardly expected to see you back so soon."

"Oh, very well, then," said the baronet; "bring me some wine and biscuits here immediately."

Wine was not freely drunk in the Grange household, where liberal economy was perforce strictly maintained, and all luxuries rigidly curtailed; but on this occasion Sir William drank two or three glasses before he went to give audience to his strange visitor.

He felt not only weary, but heart-sick and nervous, and unusually dependent on artificial stimulus even to give him nerve for so common an occurrence as a workman's petition for a hearing.

He knew the man by name and sight, and had always felt a great dislike to his sinister, gloomy look, and harsh, rude manner; and it might, therefore, well account for his repugnance to the interview, though scarcely for the presentiment of evil he could not resist.

However, he was not a man to yield to such weakness, and he walked quickly from the dining-room to the library, where Jonas Harper was waiting.

The man had coolly seated himself in one of the arm-chairs near the table, but he had the common civility to rise when the baronet entered, and wait for a moment before sitting down again, although he took no notice of the motion of the hand to another and more distant chair.

"Well, Harper, what is your want?" began the baronet. "I have only just returned from the station, and did not wish to have seen any one; but your request was so urgent."

"My request is urgent, Sir William," replied Jonas; "or at any rate, important. Where is your son gone?"

"How do you know Mr. Evan is gone, and what concern is it of yours?" asked the baronet, sternly. "You forget yourself, Harper."

"No, I don't," said Harper; "I forget nothing, as you and he will find. I tell you, Sir William, it is my concern; and, what's more, I will know it from you or some one else."

"Are you drunk or mad, Harper?" said Sir William. "Leave the room unless you can adopt a more respectful tone. If you choose to explain yourself properly, I will hear you, but I have no time for such wild ravings."

"'Tis you are most likely to be mad, or drunk either, for the like of that," said the man, "though I've had enough to turn any brain. I believe it is worse for you in one sense, and might drive you to do anything for the matter of that: and what's more, I didn't mean to tell you if your son hadn't skipped off while I was away to get work. But they say he's gone to foreign parts—is it true?"

There was a strange mixture of insolence and pity in the man's manner and expression which was more ominous than threats, and the baron's blood ran cold as he looked at him.

"Speak out, Harper," said he; "and spare all comments, if you please. If you have any complaint to make of your late master, I will redress your grievance if possible, and do to you as I have done to other sufferers from the same misfortune, but I will tolerate no insolence either to myself or to Mr. Evan."

"Misfortune, you call it, Sir William," said Harper, sneeringly; "well, it was certainly a misfortune to some folks, but I call it a wickedness that will be punished yet, unless there's some satisfaction given—that is certain."

Sir William looked in real bewilderment at the man, and without speaking waited for his next words.

Horrid and fearful ideas flashed across his mind, which he dared not confess even to himself.

Harper saw the hidden wildness of the eyes and the paleness of the shrunken cheek, and with remarkable shrewdness,

he read the terrible inward struggle—the suspicion which the baronet thus strove to ignore.

"Ah, you begin to comprehend," said he. "I see you are pretty quick, Sir William, or mayhap you had some guess at the truth before."

Sir William started from his chair, but sat down again.

"Harper," he said, with forced composure, "I am willing to hear you, whether you speak truth or falsehood, but I will not be trifled with. Tell me in a word, what do these insolent hints imply?—what accusation have you to bring in this unhappy affair?"

"You want it in one word, Sir William," said Harper, arising from his seat, with a bitter sneer, "then, my dear sir, you shall have it."

He bent down and whispered something in the baronet's ear, and then returned to his former position.

The old gentleman uttered a faint cry, and sank back, rigid and colorless in his chair.

But he had not fainted, nor lost consciousness; he was not happy enough for that; but every faculty was numbed, and his limbs felt cold and heavy, as if struck with sudden paralysis.

Harper sat, half terrified, half reveling in the effect he had produced.

There was something fiendishly grateful to his nature in the suffering of others; it was some compensation for his own real or fancied injuries.

"Come, come, sir, don't take on so, Sir William," he said at last, "It will all be right, if you do the handsome thing, and help me out of this cursed place, which I was fool enough ever to come near. There—you're better now—shall I get you a drop of something? I saw that servant of yours take a bottle in the other room, while I was waiting for you."

Sir William made a faint gesture of assent, and the man, after a cautious glance around, hurried from the room, but soon returned with a glass and a bottle which certainly had lowered somewhat since Sir William left it a few minutes before.

Perhaps Harper wished to test the efficacy of his own prescription before administering it.

He filled the glass, which the baronet seized, and, lifting it to his lips, swallowed it at a draught.

"Take another; it won't hurt," said Harper.

Sir William did not refuse. His utter prostration of mind and body craved the support thus offered.

"Now," he gasped, "proofs—proofs, man! I do not believe it—no, not for a single moment."

"Oh, of course not," was the reply; "only I don't think you'd have turned like that if you didn't. However, I've plenty of proof, if you want it. First, my own eyes, and then these."

As he spoke, Harper took from his pocket two articles, and exhibited them to the wildly-staring eyes of the unfortunate baronet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVER AND LORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ANGEL UNAWARES" "A SHOCKING SCANDAL," "SOWING AND REAPING," "PEGGY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

HAD he really harmed the girl whom he would—oh! more than gladly have died to serve and save?

Should he for her sake have played the hypocrite with Cristine, have seemed to pardon and trust the fear-born penitence that made her humble herself at his feet?

He could not tell. It was even useless to debate the question now.

The die was cast, and, whatever she might have been, Miss Singleton was once again her step-sister's vindictive enemy, would tell only too gladly all that she knew—and how terribly that all would tell against the fugitive bride Arthur acknowledged with a thrill of sharpest agony—help, as she said, to tighten the rope around the slender neck that only yesterday was clasped by the delicate bridal pearls.

"Oh, Nora my lost darling, if they have not tracked you down already, where are you hidden now? Oh, Nora, if I could stand by your coffin to-night could look upon the calm dead beauty of your face, and know you were safe from shame and pain to come, I would thank Heaven as man surely never thanked Heaven before!"

Again and again the passionate wish came flashing through his brain, cutting the thread of every thought and negativing every wildly-imagined plan with the suggestion of the only possible hope.

Yes—in death only could he see a champion for Nora now—in the grave her one escape from the doom that awaited her here.

One thing alone was absolutely certain and decided amid the wild confusion of his thoughts.

He must return to Stoke Vernon at once, must learn for himself all there was to learn, and even force himself to be present at the inquest.

He had little hope of hearing anything that would clear Nora's radiant image from the thick mists of horror and suspicion that had gathered round it.

Seeing, as he did see with aching persistency, Nora's face turned in that wild backward glance, hearing, as he did hear, the constant echo of the sharp stinging words, with which the doomed man expressed his sense of the wrong done him, and his determination to avenge it, he could not and did not doubt that he had left a mad woman with a hard and cruel taskmaster, and that, driven to actual frenzy, Nora had struck the fatal blow.

She was mad—that explained all, that was the sole satisfactory key to the enigma; even the man who loved her best accepted it, too hopeless to find another, even when, like angels pleading for the unhappy girl from whom even love shrank with horror-stricken eyes, memories of Nora's unfailing gentleness and unselfish patience under injustice and oppression came thronging into his mind, bidding him reflect how pitiful was her heart, how soft and womanly her nature and asking with imploring passion, was this the girl to stain her hands with blood, to fall at once from childlike innocence to the worst depths of crime?

Even when these gentle comforters pressed upon the miserable man, he thrust them harshly from him, and put them to silence with the one convincing sentence that held more than the bitterness of death to him—she was mad.

"And even"—so the diviner faith within him urged, still, though struggling, unsilenced—"even supposing the sweet nature warped and the clear brain unstrung, Nora was Nora still. Supposing patience, faith in Heaven's mercy, and hope of earthly happiness, had left her she would have killed herself, and not her cruellest foe."

But he only answered, with a dogged self-torturing persistency—

"We cannot judge her—she was mad."

CHAPTER IX.

NEVER in the course of its eventful existence had Stoke Vernon been so proudly conscious of occupying a preeminent position in the eyes of Europe as it was on the day following Lord de Gretton's murder.

From the Coroner, a fussy, muddled septuagenarian local lawyer who jogged along in a humdrum manner through the ordinary business of his office, pronouncing that drowned sailors had been drowned and scalded children had met with death by misadventure in a fashion that satisfied everybody, but who felt now that a more difficult task had suddenly been thrown upon him, and must be performed under strange and keenly critical eyes—from Coroner Steyne to the village constable, every one felt vaguely uneasy and important.

The responsibility was honorable, but it was very great. Stoke Vernon was oppressed by the load.

The village itself boasted but one inn. That filled at once, as did every local lodging; and then the crowd of strangers more or less connected with or interested in the case overflowed these narrow limits and descended upon the adjacent town.

The regatta week, the annual harvest of these quiet West-country folk, was a nothing now; the visitors from London would pay thrice, four times as much as their accustomed lodgers.

And naturally; for what was a more summer holiday, a simple trial of strength and skill, beside the grim tragic drama on which these strangers came to gaze?

A thousand wild tales and conflicting rumors spread from mouth to mouth while Coroner Steyne and the twelve good men and true who were sworn to assist him in the inquiry climed the green slope that led to Cliff Cottage and looked with awe-stricken eyes upon the face of the murdered dead.

Yes, Alberic Grant, seventh Earl de Gretton, had been foully murdered; on that one point at least there was no doubt; and, as the jurors passed out from the death-chamber into the long dining-room in which their conference was to be held, their faces were very grave and stern.

The first witness called was the man-servant who had made the terrible discovery; and his nerves, not unnaturally, had been so shaken that a more skillful examiner than Coroner Steyne would have found it difficult to extract a coherent story from his lips.

Shorn of its irrelevancies and spasmodic interjections however, John Hicks's tale commenced somewhat as follows, and the jurors followed it with breathless attention—

"I am Mr. Dalmayne's servant. I never saw Lord de Gretton until yesterday, but received Mr. Dalmayne's instructions to wait upon him while he was at Cliff Cottage. Lord de Gretton arrived yesterday with her ladyship. He was in very good spirits at first; but the servants thought that her ladyship looked very pale and sad for a bride, and there was something wild about her eyes——"

Here Mr. Hicks was somewhat reminded that he was asked to describe the circumstances attending the discovery of Lord de Gretton's body, and not Lady de Gretton's aspect as a bride.

But the interruption so palpably bewildered him and scattered such few wits as he still possessed that he was allowed to proceed in his own fashion.

"Soon after they came, his lordship received some letters and telegrams that seemed to disturb him; and shortly after that he went down town, leaving her ladyship alone. Her ladyship's maid was very indignant at this, as she said it was the way to treat a bride; but her ladyship did not seem to mind. She sat in the rose-room for a little time, and then walked down by the private path to the sea-shore. About half-past seven Lord de Gretton came back, and was very angry to find her ladyship had gone out. He followed her, and about half an hour later they came back together; and," said Mr. Hicks, looking up with a sudden gleam of intelligence, "we soon made up our minds that there had been a terrible quarrel between them."

"Why?" As the Coroner put the curt question a thrill ran through the assembly, and all in it bent forward eagerly to catch the answer.

"Because they showed it in their looks. Lord de Gretton looked more like a tiger than a man. And, when he spoke to her ladyship, there was a sort of snarl in his voice that made one's blood run cold. But she did not seem to mind it. She walked straight on beside him, as white as a corpse, and with a most dreadful look in her eyes. She passed us all without a word, and went into her own room, not leaving it even to come down to dinner."

"There was no further quarrel, then, that night?"

"I should think not, sir. His lordship dined alone, and spent the evening writing letters. I saw no more of him until the morning, when I went to open the shutters in the little library, and then——" The man paused with a strong shudder at the ghastly recollection his words evoked, then went on rather more hurriedly. "His lordship was lying across the white rug at the foot of the chair in which he had been sitting. He was stabbed in the back, but his face, with all the sun on it, stared up at me. His eyes were wide open, but he was quite stiff and cold, and all the carpet round him was soaked with his blood."

"What did you do then?"

"I shouted with all my might as soon as I could get my voice back. All the servants came in, and we sent for a doctor and her ladyship. The doctor came at once, but her ladyship was not to be found."

John Hicks was followed by Celeste Dubois, Lady de Gretton's maid, a quick bright-eyed Frenchwoman, who, in a very different fashion, told substantially the same story of the over-night dispute and the morning horror.

"I went to call miladdy," she cried, with a dramatic uplifting of her hands "to break to her the so sorrowful and dreadful news, and she was not there; she had fled, her bed unslept in, her dress untouched, for she would not allow me to attend her at night. She had gone, like a madwoman, out into the world."

Mademoiselle Celeste's evidence produced a profound sensation, and left little doubt in the minds of the listeners that the flight had not been the only mad act laid to Nora de Gretton's charge that night.

Link by link the chain of evidence convicting her was being forged in her absence. It would be hard indeed to find a weak place in it presently.

The doctor, who was not a little flustered by the unusual importance attaching to his words, merely deposed that he was called between seven and eight a. m. to Cliff Cottage, and found Lord de Gretton, who had been dead five or six hours.

He was stabbed under the left shoulder, and the blow had penetrated the heart. It must have been dealt with considerable force, but—in answer to a timidly-put question—not perhaps with more strength than an abnormally-excited woman could command.

The weapon used was long, keen, and narrow; there was no trace of such a weapon in the room.

He was of opinion that at the moment he was struck, or immediately after, Lord de Gretton had inhaled chloroform, as a strong odor still lingered in the room and about the dead man.

At this point of the proceedings the Coroner thought it better to adjourn the inquiry for the production of further evidence and, if possible, for the discovery of the missing bride.

So matters stood when, for the second time in three days, Arthur Beaupre arrived in Stoke Vernon and took up his quarters at the village inn.

As yet his name had not appeared in the case; no local detective, it seemed, had discovered that there had been a third person at that momentous beach meeting that had brought jarring discord to mar the music of the honeymoon.

He felt that it would have been wiser and better to keep away, but a fatal fascination drew him to the spot in which the death-blow to his happiness had been dealt, and kept him chained there from hour to hour, helplessly waiting for the news he longed and yet dreaded to hear—the news that Nora was found.

But the news lingered strangely.

It was easy enough to bring the crime home to the unhappy maddened girl, who by her flight indeed had made a virtual confession of her guilt; but it was terribly hard to find her, though the keenest detectives in England were soon in search of her and descriptive handbills appeared on every wall.

It should have been so easy such mere child's play, to track the maddened fugitive who must surely have borne about her some traces of her terrible deed.

The detectives were indignant with and ashamed of their own failure; the newspapers ironically congratulated them on their customary display of perspicuity and skill; but a failure it still remained, even after the Coroner's jury had returned a verdict of "Wilful murder," and the Government had given a fresh spur to zeal by the offer of a large reward.

Perhaps the verdict would have been a little longer in coming, a little more hesitating in tone, but for the arrival of a new witness, whose clear straightforward evidence destroyed the last element of improbability in the case and gave a strong reason for Lord de Gretton's displeasure, a distinct motive for Nora's crime.

The new witness was Cristine Singleton—the only member of Lady de Gretton's family, it was explained, who was able to give evidence, Captain Bruce being paralyzed, and Mrs. Bruce suffering, on the testimony of a medical certificate, from extreme weakness and nervous exhaustion.

Cristine was always pale, but she looked whiter than ever in the deep black dress she had assumed for the occasion.

She stood quite calm and composed, conscious of the intent and curious scrutiny of which she was the object, but in no way disturbed by it.

Many were there who knew her, and, guessing instinctively at the jealousy that had embittered her step-sister's life, wondered that she could so well control the remorseful anguish of which she was no doubt the prey.

Remorse!

If he could but have known what a tempest of passion surged beneath that calm exterior, the hardest person present would have shrunk in horror from the fair delicate-looking girl so genuinely pitied now.

Anguish she felt indeed; but it was for her own crushed hopes and wounded pride; in her savage exultation there was nothing that savored of remorse.

Once—how long ago!—when first she learned how terribly fate had helped her plans, how far her vengeance had outstripped her thoughts, she had felt remorse indeed, and would at almost any sacrifice have undone her cruel work.

But Arthur Beaupre's scorn had frozen the better impulse in the moment of its birth and wakened the old relentless jealousy that would hardly slumber again.

Clearly, coldly, and succinctly Miss Singleton's evidence was given, and every word told with deadly effect against the absent Nora.

Lady de Gretton had never loved her husband—it had been a marriage of convenience only.

She had been engaged to a young man who was supposed to have been killed in the Zulu war, and grief for him had completely changed her nature.

The young man however was not dead, and Lady de Gretton unhappily learned the fact on her wedding-day.

A quick murmur of surprise, mingled with horror and pity, passed through the room; the motive, hitherto a little uncertain, was growing clear.

Cristine raised her clear eyes, and met the Coroner's gaze fully, as she answered, with mournful decision—

"After, certainly, or the wedding would never have taken place; she was devotedly attached to Mr. Beaupre, and——"

"Keep to the point, if you please," the lawyer interposed a little sharply. "Are you sure she did know it at all?"

"I gave her Mr. Beaupre's letters with my own hands. I know that Mr. Beaupre followed her down here, and that Lord de Gretton found them together on the beach."

The last words, as evidence, were wholly inadmissible, of course; but they told as nothing spoken in that room had told yet; and, looking at Arthur Beaupre's ghastly face—the point on which her eyes had rested through the whole speech—Cristine felt that her vengeance was at last complete.

For him to stand up and speak the words that would rob the girl he had loved so loyally of her last desperate hope would be a martyrdom indeed.

"Now he is sorry he flung back my penitence and refused his pardon!" she thought with cruel exultation. "He should have remembered that Nora had something still to lose, and what a woman scorned could do. I wonder what he thinks of me now?"

The speculation was a wasted one.

She had no place in Arthur Beaupre's thoughts, which were wholly absorbed in the task before him.

Strong man as he was, he felt a sudden deadly faintness steal over him, felt his eyes grow dim and misty, and for a moment feared that he was about to swoon.

How should he speak of Nora to these men, how tell the love and terror that possessed him?

Why had he not put the width of the earth between him and the possibility of such a cruel task?

Could he escape even now?

Alas, no! Even as he asked himself the question, he heard Cristine's clear cold voice answering it and the query addressed to her simultaneously—

"Mr. Beaupre told me. Mr. Beaupre is now present."

And the slender black-gloved finger pointed with vengeful purpose to the remote corner in which Arthur sat.

He had no choice now but to perform the one duty laid upon him, to tell the story which had served to convict the girl he loved so dearly in his eyes, and which must needs, he thought, tell terribly against her in those of others.

All eyes rested eagerly on the pale handsome face, all ears were strained to catch the low-toned words in which this, the hero of the romance, told the painful story of his meeting with his lost love.

He had met Lady de Gretton by accident, and knowing nothing of her marriage.

Lord de Gretton had interrupted the meeting, and had naturally seemed displeased that it should have taken place.

There had been no quarrel—this with an earnest emphasis and evident sincerity.

They had parted with the understanding that the farewell was final.

Mr. Beaupre had returned at once to town, and only learned that Lord de Gretton was dead from the evening newspapers.

No one doubted the truth of the young man's story; all pitied the pain with which it was wrung forth; but none the less did it do the work Cristine Singleton intended it to do and sweep the last shadow of doubt from the jurors' minds.

"Willful murder!" The verdict, after all, was but the echo of Arthur Beaupre's own desperate thoughts. Yet the words, linked with Nora's name, seemed to him the most horrible profanation. Nora, his fair gentle love, his innocent betrothed, a murderess! There was something hideously unnatural in the idea. These men did not know her, they could not call to mind a thousand instances of her patience, long-suffering, gentleness, as he could; and yet the thought struck him sharply as a knife-thrust that he too had doubted—no, not doubted—convicted her—in his own mind.

He laughed aloud at the thought—laughed louder still when he saw that his immediate neighbors in the room first stared at him in a half-shocked, half-scared fashion then, with a remarkable unanimity, made way for him to pass.

He paused to thank them, wondering the while in a dazed and misty fashion why his voice sounded so far away and odd, and why the wrong words came with such singular pertinacity to his lips.

He was faint—that was it; he had not eaten or slept for—how many months and years was it.

He could not sleep while this suspense lasted.

But now it was all over—now that Nora was dead.

"They have hanged her, have they not?" he inquired, with extreme courtesy, of a man who stood beside him in the doorway; but somehow the tone, suave as it was, made the stranger jump.

"You forget, sir," he began quickly; but a look at Arthur Beaupre's face changed his purpose. "Take my arm," he said, with kindly haste. "You look as though you would faint. This has been terribly hard for you, but——"

The sentence died in a dismayed ejaculation, for Arthur Beaupre, with a smothered groan, slipped suddenly to the ground, and lay there like a man struck dead by a sudden blow.

CHAPTER X.

ARTHUR BEAUPRE closed his eyes upon a summer world, and opened them consciously upon a world whose brighter autumn tints were fading fast.

The small stock of strength he had brought home with him had been recklessly expended in those days of waiting agony; and, when the reaction of the strong excitement came, it came in the shape of utter and complete collapse.

For six weeks he lay between life and death, parched by fever and tortured by fierce pain, but, mercifully spared the supreme agony of suspense.

When, slowly and painfully, sense came back and memory took up its torturing task, he learned that for the girl he had left such deadly peril there was nothing more to hope or fear.

Very gently, very pitifully the news was told him, for it was told by his mother's lips.

Mrs. Beaupre, summoned from her northern home by the news of her son's sudden and dangerous illness, had come without loss of time and nursed him night and day with true motherly devotion through the terrible weeks and months that followed, never losing heart, even when hope seemed madness and the doctors gravely warned her that death was hovering near.

The shadowy presence could not kill the fervent faith that comforted and upheld her.

What had been would be again, she thought, as she sat, an erect and watchful figure, through the long night hours, keen-eyed and eagerly alert.

Had not this her son been given back to her from the dead already, and would the Power in whom she trusted with a firm unfaltering faith work but half a miracle in her behalf?

The doctors rather shrugged their shoulders over the old Scotchwoman's argument; but she was justified in her faith.

The doctors said her son owed his life to her nursing, and thought, and intended her to say, that he owed it to their skill.

But, though she thanked them with the gracious sweetness of a true gentle woman and with a tender tremor in her clear voice, she still held firmly to her faith that Heaven had heard her prayers and given back her son.

He was himself but half thankful for the boon of life; it would have been so easy to drift out with the ebb tide of his own weary weakness.

It was cruelly hard to bear again the burden and heat of the day. Life had lost all interest for him.

Mrs. Beaupre read the eager question in the blue eyes that gleamed with a pitiful brightness from the pale haggard face, and answered it in her gentle womanly fashion before her son had time to put it into words.

"My poor boy!" She drew the head down upon her shoulder, and smoothed back the soft short brown hair with true mother-touches, tender and soothing. "You have been ill so long, Arthur, that—that there is nothing terrible to face now."

He misinterpreted the words, a sudden horror dilated and darkened the blue eyes.

He tried to free himself from his mother's clasp as he asked brokenly—

"The—the trial—is it over then?"

"Mrs. Beaupre bent her head a little lower, and answered softly—

"There was no trial, dear."

"Why?" The word was but a long-drawn gasp; Arthur held his breath until the answer came.

"Because—oh, my dear, be brave and patient!—the poor unhappy girl——"

"My Nora!" he interrupted fiercely, and with a sort of savage pride. "Have they found her, has she—confessed?"

Mrs. Beaupre shook her pretty gray head.

"I told you, Arthur, all her pain is past," she said, with grave emphatic tenderness. "Lady de Gretton is dead."

"Ah!" The sharp spasmodic cry thrilled through the mother's heart, making it ache with a keen sympathetic pain. With an abrupt movement, Arthur turned his face to the wall, instinctively hiding the agony on which not even a mother's eyes might look.

He asked no questions, the one great fact for the moment swallowing up all others for him.

Nora was dead—no matter how, or where or when.

Never again could the old days come back and bring his bright-eyed sweet-heart to greet him with outstretched hand and sunny smile.

In the first sharpness of his pain he forgot all the intervening anguish, forgot that barriers wider than the grave had come between them.

The Nora who died for him in that moment was not the wild-eyed sorrowful woman to whom life was all bitterness and dread, but the innocent light-hearted girl who had placed her little hand within his own and vowed to love and trust him until death did them part.

A smothered groan broke from the pale lips, and Mrs. Beaupre, who, from her distant corner, had been anxiously awaiting an opportunity to break in upon the grief that she held sacred, now came to the bedside.

"Arthur dearest, it was Heaven's will," she whispered reverently, while the tears ran like rain-drops down the soft wrinkled cheeks, "and even here, even now, we can see that for the poor unhappy girl death was best."

Arthur Beaupre stirred restlessly at the words; they touched a painfully vibrating chord in his memory.

He too had seen that death was best. He too had prayed that Nora might be taken from the shame and agony to come, and now——

The cold drops rose like beads on his forehead; he seized his mother's hand, and the hollow fevered eyes sought her face with a desperate entreaty in their darkened depths.

"Mother, how did she die?"

No softening of the words was possible; they must be spoken and to speak them briefly was best.

"In the moment of her madness and her crime she must have rushed straight down the cliff, and either have fallen or thrown herself into the sea. One of her shoes was picked up on the beach, a long strip of her dress had caught on a prickly shrub, and—and later——"

Mrs. Beaupre broke down at last, and turned her head aside, unable to endure the mute horror of the listener's face. But Arthur broke in impatiently—

"Mother for pity's sake, do not pause now! Let me know all."

"A week later they found her, Arthur—that is all. She is buried here. Is it not better to think of her so than as she might have been?"

Yes, it was better.

Even in the moment of supreme agony Arthur Beapre found strength and courage to acknowledge that the grave was better than the prison or the madhouse, to one of which the fiat of man must inevitably have consigned her.

Heaven had been merciful to his tried and erring love; he would make no impious protest. And yet——

"Oh, Nora"—the cry of the strong loving heart broke forth irrepressively—"if I could but have seen you in your coffin, and touched your dead lips, I could bear the parting better! I should not see you for ever as I see you now, with that cruel madness in your eyes."

Mrs. Beaupre shivered at the words, recalling the terribly altered face of the dead girl, bruised and battered by the cruel tossing waves, swollen out of all semblance to humanity.

Only by the long hair and the general weight was it possible to identify th poor human sea-drift upon which few could bear to look and say that it had once been the beautiful Nora.

"That too was best, dear; she was sadly changed," she said gently and that day, to her great relief, he questioned her no more.

The doctor found his patient less well that night and warned Mrs. Beaupre rather sternly against exciting conversations, which the poor woman felt herself powerless in the circumstances to prevent.

It needed no higher medical skill than she herself possessed to tell her that the vivid scarlet spots on either thin cheek and the feverish light that made the blue eyes so dazzlingly and restlessly brilliant were danger-signals—she recognized them only too quickly, and with a sore and sinking heart; but how was the danger to be averted now?

The poor soul passed the night in pitifully earnest prayer, feeling every now and then that the chill shadow of despair was falling over her at last; but with the morning came the renewed hope.

Arthur fell asleep with the dawn, and woke at mid-day to meet her anxious glance with a faint shadow of his old bright smile, to clasp her hand with the long thin fingers that looked so strangely white and frail.

"I shall not leave you, mother; I am not such a coward as that," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness which nearly choked the worn-out and overwrought nurse, who, not trusting herself to speak the gratitude that swelled her heart almost to bursting, found practical vent for it in the prompt application of a restorative.

From that moment Arthur's progress to recovery, if not very rapid, was steady and sure.

He knew the worst now, and all that was manly and steadfast in the young man's nature woke and armed him against a cowardly despair. Life was barren of hope, and empty of joy; but life held duties still.

With the sun at noontide, he must not weakly cry for the cool soft airs and deepening shadows of the night.

He had still his profession and his mother.

Men severely wounded had bound up their hurts and faced the battle bravely for less things than these.

He was up and about frail and shadowy looking, but still a room-bound invalid no more, before he again adverted to the subject that filled his thoughts, and that hung for ever like the sword of Damocles—suspended in the air over poor Mrs. Beaupre's head.

He was sitting in a big chintz-covered easy chair before the bright little fire, which was acceptable to more than invalids on this sunny but chill autumnal day.

A newspaper lay open before him; but his eyes rested on his mother's face, and, had she chanced to look up, she would have known his thoughts by their strange wistfulness.

But as it chanced, she kept her gaze steadily fixed on the work before her, a piece of fine darning which she fancied few women of her age could have achieved.

She felt quite bright and cheerful to-day, and looked as she felt. The morning sunlight fell across the quaint old-fashioned little room, filling it with warmth and homely comfort; the fire crackled merrily in the small polished grate, the pale pretty asters she had arranged in an old china bowl refreshed her flower-loving eyes.

Over and above all, Arthur had taken his breakfast with something like an appetite, and sat now quietly reading his newspaper.

Truly all things were well with her to-day.

"Mother, who followed Nora to the grave?"

Suddenly, in the midst of her cheery visions, the thunder bolt fell, scattering her hopeful fancies right and left, and raising a grim and spectral army in their place.

"Oh, my dear!" The fine-featured old face lost all its healthy color, the kind eyes filled with dismay, the darning was quickly laid down, and Mrs Beaupre came over to her son's side with all her innocent happiness struck and all her vivid fears awake. "My dear"—she laid her hand upon his shoulder and spoke with a wistful pathos that went to the man's heart—"I thought, I hoped that you were not thinking of that poor girl to-day."

He drew down the kind hand and pressed his lips to it.

He held it still fondly clasped while he answered quite calmly and steadily.

"I think of her always, mother. Would you have me forget so lightly and so soon?"

"No, no; but, Arthur, you are very weak still. Can you bear to speak of that dreadful time yet?"

He shook his head, and answered, with a sorrowful smile—

"I am not such a coward as you think me. Silence was the hardest of all things to bear. I have borne that patiently—now let me speak."

The upraised eyes seconded the prayer eloquently.

Mrs. Beaupre sighed, but made no further protest.

Perhaps Arthur knew his own case best—any speech might be less painful to him than this strained unnatural silence that had endured so long.

She could not tell; one thing only was clear to her—she could resist his pleading no more.

"Well, my dear, ask any questions you like, and I will answer them."

"Sit down then. No—where I can see you mother. It is so good to know that I have you still."

Mrs. Beaupre obeyed, flushing with pleasure at this little outburst of tenderness from her undemonstrative son—not that she ever doubted his affection, but he was not wont to put into words.

"Mother, who followed Nora to the grave?"

He turned to meet her eyes; but she fixed them resolutely on the table, as she said, in a low voice—

"Every one here—the whole parish."

"Aye, as a show, a spectacle!" he cried, with a look of bitterest pain. "But was there no one there to—to mourn her—no one who had ever cared for her or seen in her more than a murderess who had slipped through the hangman's hands?"

"Yes, Arthur; there was one."

Arthur turned quickly at the low-toned answer.

"Who was it, mother—her father, Mrs. Bruce, or Vance?"

"No, my dear. I followed her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Scientific and Useful.

SAVING OIL.—One of the latest industrial savings is the treatment by naphtha of iron filings and the cotton-waste of machine-shops, by which the oil is separated and sold, and the cotton-waste is cleansed and restored for use again.

THE HEARING.—A deaf young lady in Milford, Mass., who could receive no benefit from other artificial aids to hearing, is said to have discovered that she hears conversations distinctly by placing a slender wooden rod against the throat muscles of the person talking and holding the other end of the stick in her own teeth.

FIRE ESCAPE.—A novel fire escape has recently been patented, which consists in a balcony arranged to be raised and lowered in proper guides on the outside of the building by means of suitable ropes and pulleys. This is designed to be used as a balcony at the windows and doors of the house, but in case of alarm is ever ready to be used as a fire escape.

FLOORS AND FIRES.—The fact is now recognized by all architects that the stability of a building under the influence of fire depends largely upon keeping the floors from giving way—a matter easily attained when they are made of incombustible materials. A practice is now being resorted to, to a considerable extent, by French builders, of protecting floors by placing upon them a half-inch layer of asphalt over an inch of argillaceous earth, both at top and bottom.

SLAG.—The industrial uses of slag seem to continually multiply. The slag wool, as it is termed—produced by the impact of a steam jet with a stream of molten slag—is employed for covering steam boilers, steam pipes, ice houses, and cisterns, also as a protection against fire, a filter for chemicals &c.; paving blocks and building are made by pulverizing the solid slag and then pressing the bricks in a press; and glass is another product—the molten slag being taken in a ladle from the blast furnace and poured into a Siemens's furnace, where soda and silica are added to the mass, according to the quality of the slag used.

AIR AND DEATH.—A Bridgeport, Ct., man is reported to have produced an invention so dangerous that the government has refused him a patent. The description tells of a hollow steel belt filled with compressed air from an air pump, and which can be worn so that it is completely concealed with the exception of a tiny nipple protruding through a vest button-hole; a pellet of condensed poison placed in this nipple, can be noiselessly sent with force sufficient to penetrate a quarter-inch of raw-hide at a distance of forty feet, and if the pellet penetrates the human skin, in fifteen minutes death ensues, although the first indications of poisoning do not appear under five minutes.

Farm and Garden.

RINGBONE.—Ringbones may usually be cured if taken in their earlier stages. Give the animal rest, and if there is active inflammation adopt soothing measures at first. Afterward apply blisters. Repeat and wash off as soon as free exudations have taken place. This is the usual treatment for ringbones in horses, but it is often necessary to vary it somewhat to meet the natural variations of such affections.

HORSES' FEET.—A horse's feet are subjected to a great variety of motion, or action owing to the inequalities of the ground over which he roams. If he is put in a stall having a smooth floor, the feet maintain nearly the same position all the time, which becomes very tiresome to the horse, and is liable to injure him. Much of the litter that is used in some stables is worse than wretched. It not only does no good, but does injury.

LUMBER.—Several kinds of hardwood lumber are gradually coming into use which, a few years ago, were unnoticed. Beech is one of them. It is cheap and abundant, while the more popular hardwoods are becoming comparatively scarce, and consequently high priced. Beech has a fine grain, is quite durable, and is used in the manufacture of school and church furniture, chairs, and, to a certain extent, in domestic furniture. The red variety has a handsome appearance, and can be made to imitate cherry.

THE RANK OF FARMERS.—It is said that in Japan the farmers have, since olden times, ranked next to the samurai, or military class. With a little more familiarity with American methods and machinery they will possibly aspire to the first rank in the nation. This pride of calling should extend to the farmers of all nations. Who can be above the independent farmer? No man should be so completely "the architect of his own destiny." Certainly not, as he who owns and cultivates, or directs the cultivation of from twenty-five to one hundred or more fertile acres in a country like ours.

CORN-COBS FOR CURCULIO.—Quite a lively, long discussion has been held in the California press in regard to the protection of Plums from the Curculio by the use of corn-cobs soaked in sweetened water. We do not exactly understand whether the cobs are laid on the ground around the tree, or tied about the stem or body, nor do we learn exactly how the protection is afforded; but it is stoutly maintained by those who have repeatedly witnessed the experiment, that the sweetened cobs do protect the Plum crop, notwithstanding a good deal of sarcasm and badgering they receive from those who disbelieve the efficacy of the so-called protection.

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WORKING EASILY.

There is a popular notion, especially in connection with study, that work done painfully and by great effort, is peculiarly meritorious, and should be encouraged. The truth is, such work is most apt to be bad work—bad in quality, and bad in its effects upon the doer.

Effort in well-being is beneficial to the doer only so long as it is enjoyable; beyond that, its effect is doubtful or injurious. To force children to do work, particularly brain work—that demands strenuous, long continued, or anxious toil, is little short of criminal.

The physiological basis of this truth is dwelt upon with great emphasis by a leading medical authority. It holds as undoubtable that the effect of suitable brain work is to strengthen the brain and render it less likely to become abnormal in its structure or disorderly in its activity than if it were idle.

Such exercise as the brain receives in education, properly so-called, that is, development of the faculties, stimulates nutrition, and its effect is good. But excessive activity with anxiety, our authority shows, is not good at all, and ought to have no place in the educational process.

Worry is fatal to good work; and to worry the growing brain of a child with work is to maim and cripple its organization, doing irreparable, because structural, mischief, the effects of which must be life long. "Tension" in work is not a proof of strength, but of weakness. A well-developed and health-grown brain works without tension of any kind. The knit brow, straining eyes, and consciously fixed attention of the scholar are not tokens of power, but of effort.

The true athlete does not strain and pant when he puts forth his strength. The intellectual man with a strong mind does his brain work easily. Tension is friction, and the moment the toil of a growing brain becomes laborious, it should cease.

We are, unfortunately, so accustomed to see brain work done with effort, that we have come to associate effort with work, and to regard "tension" as something tolerable, if not natural.

As a matter of fact, no man should ever knit his brows as he thinks, or in fact in any way evince effort as he works. The best brain work is done easily, with a calm spirit, an equable temper, and in jaunty mood. All else is the toil of a weak or ill-developed brain straining to accomplish a task which is relatively too great for it.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE idols worshipped by the heathen of Africa and India are nearly all manufactured in England, and pay a very handsome profit. It is stated that the commercial value of the brass and cast-iron gods shipped to heathen lands far exceeds that of Bibles, books and tracts.

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IT is said that glass is gradually beginning to take the place of wood and iron in the construction of bridges in England. The inventor makes blocks of glass, which he hardens by a special process. In solidity it is said to leave nothing to be desired. The experiments already made have given surprising results, and the cost is below that of bridges of wood or stone.

—

FIFTY thousand francs, or ten thousand dollars, is the prize which France offers for the discovery which shall enable electricity to be applied economically in one of the following directions: As a source of heat, of light, of chemical action, of mechanical power, as a means of the transmission of intelligence, or of the treatment of disease—the prize being open to all nationalities, and to be awarded in December, 1897.

—

THE Chinese have a peculiar way of conducting the examination of candidates for their universities. There are three trials allowed—on the ninth, twelfth and fifteenth days of the eighth moon—and each lasts two days. During this time the applicant is confined in a cell about eight feet square. In it are two boards, the one to sit upon, and the other to serve as writing-desk and dining-table. Besides this "furniture" there is a teapot and cup for refreshments, the eatables being handed in by the examiners through the gratings on the door; but no one is allowed to speak to those in charge. As the cell is scarcely large enough to lie down in, those students who are unfortunate enough to be above the average size are compelled to sit up during the forty-eight hours of solitary confinement. The examination is conducted wholly in writing.

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IN a horse a good and strong, but quiet, pulse beats forty times a minute, in an ox fifty to fifty-five, in sheep and pigs not less than seventy or more than eighty for ordinary health. It may be felt wherever a large artery crosses a bone. A rapid, hard and full pulse in stock denotes high fever; a rapid, small and weak pulse also fever, caused by a weak and poor state of the subject. A very slow pulse indicates brain disease, while an irregular one indicates trouble with the heart.

—

THE women's department in the Boston fair has created a surprise among those who think that women cannot invent. Some of the contrivances are ingenious. There are a double piano-stool, a bridle rein, an improved chimney, a birch bark life-preserver, a ventilating screen, life-size doll babies, carpet-stretchers, floor-clinging dust-pans, kidney cures, and stove-dampers, a photograph album, a pan-greaser, a lock against burglars, an autumn leaf-catcher for cisterns, and many other articles.

—

IN the city of Jerusalem three Sundays are observed in every week. The Mohammedans observe Friday, not by closing their shops and resting, but by going to the mosque at certain hours and reciting prayers. The Jews observe Saturday, being very strict as to their conformity to ancient custom and ordinance. They close their shops, and are not often seen on the streets till afternoon. Then they appear in their best clothes. Sunday is observed by the Christians of various denominations. On that day the flags fly from the consulates of the Christian nations.

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THERE is little or no variation in a Mexican meal, one dinner being an exact counterpart of all others. The first course is a garlicky broth in small teacups, with a corn griddle cake; then comes either rice, vermicelli, or maccaroni, fried in fat with much garlic and slices of green peppers; the third course, and main dish of the meal, is always boiled beef or mutton, with cabbage, corn, onions, small apples, and numerous roots, herbs and bulbs all boiled together in one great pot, and making a mixture which inclines foreigners to regard the Mexican "inner man" as copper-lined and double-plated.

—

A CHICAGO hackman, who has a pleasant face and winning ways, has, according to a Chicago paper, gained $40,000 from his business in the past ten years. His eye falls on a countryman getting out of the train to make his first visit to the city. The hackman engages to show the stranger around town for a dollar. Ere they reach a clothing store he has persuaded his customer to buy a new suit of clothes, and then the two must necessarily go to a shoemaker's and get boots to match. And so the hackman trots his man around until the city has been seen, and the rural visitor feels grateful to the man who has taken so much pains with him. In the evening the hackman goes to the traders and draws his commissions.

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A FRENCH physician has been making some interesting experiments on the effect of condiments used with food. They show, among other things, that in cooking meat only an ounce of salt should be used with from six to twelve pounds of meat. If more is employed it will do one of two things: It will modify the structure of a portion of the muscular fibre so as to render it more resistant to the action of the gastric juice, or it will itself check and retard the peptic fermentation, the very groundwork of digestion. It follows that salted and smoked meats are more indigestible than fresh. Vinegar, it appears, may be used with good effect, provided it is not in quantity to irritate the stomach, and is a pure dilution of acetic acid, freed from sulphuric or hydrochloric acids, the latter of which, though an active principle of the gastric juice, must not be in excess in the stomach, or it will retard digestion. The hungry man will, therefore, be careful how he uses salt and vinegar, and the doctor will by-and-by tell him something about pepper and mustard.

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As the question of honorary colonelcies is at present attracting considerable attention, it may not be out of place, says a London paper, to recall the origin of bestowing them. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, at one period of his life, was in debt to his tailor to a considerable amount, and that worthy, despairing of payment, devised an ingenious method of squaring accounts. He obtained an audience with the king, and called his attention to the numbers of foreign potentates who visited his courts. These personages, he represented, would doubtless be much gratified if Frederick would create them generals and colonels in his redoubtable army. A uniform would be necessary, and if the king would let him have the order, he would at once cancel his bill. Frederick consented, and the tailor speedily recouped his losses out of the uniforms he made for foreign grandees.

—

IT is doubtful whether the male head of a family often appreciates the opportunity he has for diffusing sunshine at home, or comprehends how much gloom he can bring home in a troubled face and moody temper from the office or the street. The house-mother is within four walls from morning till dinner time, with few exceptions, and must bear the worriments of fretful children, inefficient servants, weak nerves, and unexpected callers. And she must do this day after day with monotonous regularity. The husband goes out from the petty details of home care. He meets friends. He feels the excitement of business competition. He has the bracing influence of the outdoor walk or ride. If he will come home cheerful and buoyant, his presence is like a refreshing breeze. He has it in his power to brighten the household life, and add to the general happiness in a way that no man has the right to forget or neglect.

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To the multiplicity of methods by which sleeplessness can be overcome, or attempts in that direction made, a writer in Chamber's Journal adds that of keeping the eyes in a downward position. After describing the manner in which the experiment was forced upon his attention, he goes on: Now, it occurred to me one night that I would not allow the eyes to turn upwards, but keep them determinedly in the opposite direction, as if looking down; and having done so for a short time, I found that the mind did not revert to the thoughts with which it had been occupied, and I soon fell asleep. I tried the plan again, with the same result; and, after an experience of over two years, I can truly say that, unless when something specially annoying or worrying occurred, I have always been able to go to sleep very shortly after retiring to rest. There may occasionally be some difficulty in keeping the eyes in the position I have described, but a determined effort to do so is all that is required, and I am certain that if kept in the down-looking position it will be found that composure and sleep will be the result.

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IN the early morning there is a delightful hour. The evening is infinitely sweet, but it implies labor, and rest, and consolation, which are ideas not entirely dissevered from pain; but in the first glory of the morning there is an unearthly sweetness, a lustre of the pristine world, unsoiled, untried, unalloyed, and calm. The sunshine comes upon us with a surprise, with something of that exultant novelty which it must have had to Adam; the drops of dew shine like separate worlds; the birds, most innocent of all the inhabitants of earth, have the soft breathing universe to themselves: all their sweet domestic intercourse, the prattle of the little families, their thrills of commentary touching everything that is going on in earth and heaven get accomplished, as the level line of sunshine penetrates from one glade to another, higher and higher, touching as it passes every bough into life. Awakening and vitality is in the very atmosphere which bring a new hope, a new day, a new world of possibility and life. New heavens and a new earth thus present themselves to mortal cognizance, for the most part quite unconscious of them, every day.

TAKE HEART OF GRACE.

BY E. E.

Take Heart of Grace!
In God's great infinite serenely shining,
Seest thou far up one little steadfast star?
'Neath you faint cloud the new moon's silver lining,
Melting through mists, shoots its white beams afar.
Still watching through the coldest, cloudiest night—
That little, lonely star-gem doth illumine
The gloomiest sky with gleams of cheery light,
And speaketh to the spirit of the Human!
The pitying moon still sheds some beam of gladness,
To show thee that this life is not all sadness!

Take Heart of Grace!
Look at your flower so lately shut and faded—
It mourned, withheld its gracious dower of rain—
Now its uplifted brow with sun-drops bralden,
Its fresh heart thrills to the cooled air again.
The sunny stream that ripples at thy feet
Whilom was bound in winter's frosty fetter;—
Once more set free, it singeth silvery sweet
Its grateful lay—a hopeful joy-begetter!
Oh! learn from each to still thy soul of sorrow—
Star, moon, and flower, and stream, all trust a brighter morrow!
Take Heart of Grace!

The Guillotine.

BY PERCY HERBERT.

IT was the dawn of a new era in France. Among the petty tyrants who ground the peasantry to the dust was the Marquis De St. Maur, owner of half the village of Lous-le-Saulnoir, in the Jura. Although all the villagers hated the sallow, sourvisaged St. Maur, there was one in his household whose smile would light up the women's careworn faces, and to whom strong men spoke softly, and with reverence.

This was Ilma Danbert, the young and lovely stepdaughter of the marquis.

The proud and penurious St. Maur had married the wealthy widow of a silk merchant of Lyons, her fortune making him close his eyes to a fact he remembered only too well upon other occasions, namely that she was not of his rank.

Death soon stripped the new marquise of the title she so much coveted, and for which she had handed to St. Maur her millions of francs.

Ilma, her daughter, she left to the sole guardianship of her stepfather.

Soon after this event, news reached the castle which troubled the marquis to his inmost soul.

He had been deceived in imagining that all the millions were his property.

Monsieur Danbert left his widow only a life interest in them, and bequeathed it at her death absolutely to his only daughter.

But this the marquise had artfully concealed.

Great as was the disappointment of St. Maur, he was too wily openly to manifest his feelings on the subject.

He was acquisitive to the last degree.

When money was to be had, he was fertile in plans for securing it.

A great prize was at stake.

The utmost care was necessary.

A plan for keeping the treasure in his family—a simple but effective plan, was, after much thought, mapped out in the mind of St. Maur.

Leonce, the nephew of the marquis, had been a resident of the castle for several years.

His crafty, cruel, flinty disposition made him worthy to become the depository of the secrets of his uncle.

First in importance among the confidences from him, was the gratifying and momentous fact that he was destined to be the husband of the wealthy Ilma.

Everything was made subservient to this idea.

Even the social arrangements of the household hung upon it as upon a pivot.

To secure this end, the rich families in the neighborhood were completely estranged.

No gentlemen visitors were ever admitted into Ilma's presence, and the unfortunate heiress was thus forced to lead a life of miserable seclusion.

Outside the walls of the castle she had but one friend, Maurice Legrand, the son of an accomplished widow lady, who had been her governess in the happy days of her childhood, while she was yet ignorant of the hardships which the pride of caste inflicts on its votaries.

Before Ilma's mother had married the Marquis St. Maur, Maurice had been her daughter's favorite playmate.

The children often roamed together over the hills of their native city, and had exchanged childish vows of affection amongst the gardens and vineyards of that beautiful district.

As the years passed by this early love developed into a strong, all-absorbing passion.

Yet so well did they guard the secret of their hearts, that no suspicion of its existence ever entered the minds of those around them.

To please Ilma's mother, St. Maur had appointed Legrand his steward and secretary; but shrewd and suspicious as he was, it never occurred to him—not even in his fearful, fretful dreams—that one adopted as his daughter could look with tenderness on a man whom he deemed the merest menial.

Meanwhile, all the arrangements for Ilma's marriage with Leonce were secretly made.

And among the important deeds of settlement, one was drawn up, handing over half Ilma's estate to St. Maur.

But there was an important matter of which the marquis had made too sure.

Accustomed as he was to implicit obedience from those around him, he had not thought it necessary to secure Ilma's consent to his plans.

So certain was he of her compliance with his commands, that he did not mention the subject to the young heiress until he had made all arrangements for her speedy union with his nephew.

But the haughty marquis little knew the brave spirit against which he had to contend.

On his acquainting Ilma with his cherished project, she emphatically refused to consent, and declared she would not marry Leonce now or any other future time, as she felt for him neither love nor esteem.

In vain the marquis stormed, threatened, and commanded.

Ilma was firm in her refusal to obey him.

When Leonce heard of her disobedience, he shared his uncle's bitter anger, and not believing that dislike to himself was the only cause of her rejection, he eagerly sought some other reason.

The only tangible one that suggested itself, was that he had a rival, and that rival could be no other than Maurice.

From the moment he communicated this suspicion to his uncle, Ilma's every movement was watched; but so cautious were the lovers, that nothing in their manner justified the assertion of Leonce.

Ilma's gentle heart could not conceive the cruelty and wickedness of which her step-father was capable, and the worst trouble she feared was the dismissal of her lover in the event of their attachment being discovered.

But a dread of a different kind would have filled her soul had she seen the marquis's grim smile as he muttered to his nephew—

"If Maurice be the only obstacle, all the better; we can the more easily find means to compel Ilma to submit."

A secret search was instituted in Maurice's rooms, and also in Ilma's chamber, to see if any letters could be found which would implicate them.

Nothing, however, was discovered until the marquis forced open a private desk belonging to his step-daughter.

In this was found a small, sealed package which contained a number of letters, couched in terms of the warmest devotion.

They were from Maurice.

Further proof was not needed, and soon a villainous scheme was set afloat by the nephew and uncle.

Late on the evening of the following day, Maurice was sent on a mission to the village by Leonce.

It was midnight before he returned to the castle; and as he crossed the courtyard now silent and deserted, he was suddenly seized by two men, and before he could offer any resistance or utter a cry for help, he was securely pinioned.

Then, between them, they carried him through a private entrance into the castle.

He heard a heavy door unbarred, then they descended several stone steps, and an icy cold gust of wind like the air of a vault, sent a chill through him.

At last the men paused, and as they turned the light of the dark lantern which they carried on the wall before them, Maurice could discover a narrow iron door, thickly studded with nails, which, with a shudder of horror, he remembered led to the dungeon of the castle.

In another moment the key had grated in the lock.

With an ominous click it turned, and then Maurice felt himself thrown on a stone bench.

He could not see the faces of his captors, as they were both masked, but a secret instinct at once told him into whose cruel hands he had fallen.

His fetters were removed, his mouth ungagged, and quick as lightning the door of the dungeon closed with a heavy thud, and he was left in dark, dreary solitude.

The cell in which he found himself was buried in the foundations of the castle.

Its walls consisted of large solid blocks of stone which were so weighty that they scarcely needed the cement which bound them securely together.

Light was admitted dimly through a narrow crevice near the ceiling.

Rats had burrowed for themselves under the floor, and their savage cries when pressed by hunger, alone relieved the dreary monotony of this living sepulchre.

To add to its horrors the inside walls were slimy and overgrown with moss, and the atmosphere damp and oppressive.

A few hours later on Ilma was summoned into her step-father's presence.

She found him seated in his oak-panelled library, looking stern, cruel and relentless.

In a few words in a manner which could not be misunderstood, he told her that her lover was in his power, and that she could only save his life on one condition—by her consenting to an immediate marriage with Leonce.

Ilma remained silent as she listened to these words, which sounded to her as a death warrant.

Yet her courage did not desert her during this trying ordeal, and her good sense suggested that it was wiser to pretend compliance with her step-father's commands, and thus at least secure her lover's safety.

She might meanwhile arrange her plan so as to avoid the hated marriage.

She knew that any appeal to the pity of the man before her would be useless.

She knew that her lover's life and her own happiness rested solely on her coolness, courage and presence of mind.

"I do not wish anyone to suffer on my account," she said "and if you are so firmly resolved on my marriage with Leonce, I must submit; but as I give my consent to your wishes, when will you set Maurice at liberty? I must have some guarantee of your good faith."

"On the eve of your wedding-day he shall be free," replied the marquis, "and if you have his interest at heart, I would advise you to hasten the event. The dungeon in which he is confined is not conducive to health or comfort, and you will not forget how soon its damp, fetid atmosphere caused the death of its last occupant."

Ilma's heart sank within her as she remembered how a few months previously a strong, hearty man had been sentenced to sixteen months' imprisonment for having attempted to steal two of the horses from the castle.

When the term of his confinement had expired, he was brought from his dungeon a dying man.

Consumption in its worst form had attacked him; notwithstanding the anxious care of an aged mother, he had expired in a few weeks.

When Ilma quitted her stepfather's presence with an aching heart, she directed her steps towards the miserable hut where Dame Corbet, the mother of the dead man, lived.

She had faith in the old woman's sagacity and cunning; she clung to the faintest hope of obtaining a suggestion which might aid her in securing her lover's safety.

Upon reaching the hut which stood near the park gates, she could see Dame Jane Corbet, through the open door, bending over a wood fire lit on the hearth.

The form of the old crone was bent nearly double with age, but malice and cunning still glittered in her black, beadlike eyes, which she seldom raised from the ground.

Her face was yellow, furrowed in every direction with deep lines and wrinkles and her hooked nose well-nigh touched her chin.

Around her head was bound a bright red handkerchief, from beneath which her selfish grey locks streamed.

No wonder that the villagers called her a witch, and that she was equally feared and dreaded by them.

But if the old dame was quick to resent an injury, she was also slow to forget a kindness; and Ilma had given her many causes of gratitude.

Like her neighbors, she loved the gentle girl as much as she detested the marquis and his nephew.

Ilma soon confided her sorrowful story to the old woman, and tearfully begged her assistance.

The dame listened in silence her face buried in her hands, and her eyes fixed on the glowing embers.

"I can help thee," she muttered "and in a way thou little dreamest of. Thou didst well to trust to the old witch. But promise me, before I reveal my secret thou wilt guard it well and carry out faithfully all I tell thee."

Ilma readily gave the desired pledge, and then Dame Corbet, carefully closing the door and window, spoke as follows, in low hurried tones—

"Before my son Henri died, he told me that had his strength not failed him, he could have escaped from his dungeon. Thou knowest that the outer wall of the dungeon is next the haunted grove, which all dread to frequent after nightfall.

"One of my son's friends in the village managed to send him a tool by means of which he could in time, loosen three of the large blocks of stone which form the outer wall, and thus leave a space large enough for a man to creep through.

"Well, my poor Henri worked well inside while his friend helped to loosen the strongly-cemented stones from the outside.

"They had to be very cautious, and dared not begin their work until late at night.

"The dungeon, even in the daytime, is gloomy, and I am sure their secret was never discovered, but the blocks are so loose that two strong men, even were one of them to work from the outside could remove them in a few hours.

"My son, just as he was on the eve of escape, was laid prostrate by the malady which killed him, and to me alone he confided his secret.

"Thou must place entire confidence in two persons besides myself: one is my youngest son, Jean, who is groom at the castle: the other is the friend who worked for my dead boy's escape.

"Tell me art thou willing to fly with thy lover?"

"Yes" said Ilma,, "and willing to save him at any cost."

Then the old woman, with astonishing rapidity, communicated to Ilma a full and detailed plan of the course she was to adopt, forgetting no necessary instruction and showing an acuteness remarkable for her station and age.

Ilma at once proceeded to put into execution the directions she had received, and planned an escape for Maurice and herself the following evening.

She at once arranged with the laborer who had helped to procure Henri's release, that he should that very night, and also the night following, work at the outer wall of the dungeon.

Then she sent Jean, the groom to his mother and despatched him also to the neighboring town, on pretence of procuring her some silk.

By the next evening all was in readiness for the flight, but as the time approached her brave spirit quailed, for one false step would ruin all, and she knew how fraught with danger was her enterprise.

The marquis applauded the success of his plans, when he saw how resigned his step daughter seemed, and his delight knew no bounds, when Ilma allowed the wedding-day to be fixed a week hence.

Circumstances strangely favored Ilma in one particular.

It was an old custom in the St. Maur family for the daughter of the house each night before her relations retired to rest, to mix for them, in a large silver tankard, a beverage composed of spiced wine and syrup.

On the eventful evening, on which so much depended, she prepared the draught with trembling hand, in the ante-room adjoining the hall, for, in addition to the usual ingredients she poured into it the contents of a small phial, which she drew from the bosom of her dress.

Tremblingly she watched her step-father raise the tankard to his lips.

Then he bade her kiss the glass before she handed it to Leonce.

Trying to look unconcerned, she did so and with delight saw Leonce drink her health in a prolonged draught.

The minutes seemed hours before they quitted the dining hall.

Would they never go to their rooms, she anxiously thought.

At length both departed, wishing Ilma good-night in more cordial tones than they had been wont to use to her of late.

To prevent suspicion, she retired to her room as usual.

Then, securely barring the door, she proceeded to don a costume she had procured during the day, and which would she hoped, the more effectually prevent her flight from being discovered.

She assumed the rough riding dress worn by the farmers' daughters of the neighborhood covered her dark hair with a flaxen wig, and rouged her cheeks, which were naturally the faint tint seen in the heart of the wild rose.

This done, she hastily secured all her available money and jewels, which she concealed in her dress.

With breathless anxiety, the young girl listened till it appeared to her all had retired to rest, and perfect silence reigned throughout the castle.

It was now midnight, the hour at which she had planned her own and her lover's flight.

There was not a moment to be lost, and her heart sank as she thought that on her courage and dexterity depended all her future.

With trembling, eager footsteps, she crept from her chamber, starting with fear at every sound.

Her teeth chattered, her limbs quivered, and cold beads of perspiration stood on her brow.

Noiselessly she paused a moment before her stepfather's door, and also at his nephew's.

Their heavy breathing assured her that the opiate had taken effect, and that both were plunged in profound slumber.

Then she descended to the lower part of the castle and entered the dark passage leading to the dungeon, where it had been agreed that Jean should meet her.

He was there.

He had also made all the necessary preparations.

He carried a bag containing a blue linen blouse and leather cap for Maurice—the costume of the peasantry—and a rough, unkempt red wig, and a pair of pistols.

Unfortunately it had been impossible to procure the key of the dungeon, which the marquis kept concealed, no one knew where.

Therefore Ilma had arranged that Maurice should escape from the dungeon through the aperture which, thanks to the efforts of the young man himself, and the laborer who had ably assisted him, it would not be difficult to make.

One or two powerful efforts more would displace the already loosened stones.

Then Ilma and Jean must retrace their steps and escape from the castle by a small postern door which opened into the haunted grove, where a couple of fleet horses had previously been secured to a tree by the young groom.

Guided by a dark lantern, Jean and Ilma found their way to the dungeon.

A small hinged panel in the door, large enough for a hand to be passed through, and which could only be opened by a spring from the outside, enabled Jean to pass Maurice the disguise he was to assume.

No sight could have inspired more hope in the despairing heart of Maurice than Ilma's face at the open panel, dimly seen shining on him by the light shed from the lantern.

In brief, hurried words she communicated to him what she had done, and what they still must do.

Ten minutes later on, when the stone barrier had been removed, and he was free to escape from prison, Ilma gave him one pressure of the hand, one murmured prayer and blessing, as she went to face the greatest danger of all.

So quiet had been their movements that no one had been aroused, and Ilma passed by safely to the spot where the horses awaited the fugitives.

Maurice and Ilma mounted, in silence, hastily poured out their grateful thanks to Jean, then put spurs to their horses, and galloped across the salt sward till they reached a spot on the outskirts, where a broken fence and a narrow ditch alone prevented their egress.

These were easily jumped, and the lovers breathed freely.

The evening of the fourth day they arrived in Lyons, where some relatives of Ilma's mother still lived, and they gladly af-

forded her and Maurice all the welcome and protection which they expected.

Bitter was their indignation when they heard how their young kinswoman had been treated by her selfish stepfather, and they obliged him at once to renounce all claim to her fortune.

Those who had aided the lovers in their flight happily were not discovered.

Perhaps the daily approaching violence and gathering fury of the revolution began to teach the marquis prudence, and ceased him to remember the danger of adding fresh fuel to the flames of popular indignation.

Shortly afterwards both he and his nephew joined the Royalist army in Paris.

And one day Ilma and Maurice, in their lovely home in the sunny South, read amongst a list of those who had perished by the guillotine, the names of the marquis and Leonce De St. Maur.

The Two Suitors.

BY WILSON BENSON.

"IF we were only rich," Sadie sighed, "I needn't do such work as this."

Lola, Sadie's wid wed sister, twelve years older than the seventeen-year beauty, who was sewing and sighing, only said, gently—

"We are no poorer to-day than we have been for many years, my dear Sadie."

"No—but——" faltered Sadie, dropping her blue eyes, "it is my birthday, and I would like to have something pretty to wear at Aunt Kate's this evening. No matter how much I fuss over this dress, it is an old muslin, after all."

"But it will look very nice."

"Nice," said the girl, impatiently; "I want something more than nice. I am tired of turning old dresses, dyeing bonnet ribbons, patching, darning, and contriving."

"We should be thankful we are not obliged to work for a living, Sadie. I know it requires close economy to make our income meet our expenses, but we have the cottage, and plenty to eat and drink, with a margin for neat clothing."

"But I want silk dresses, jewelry, a carriage, I want to try being rich."

"Sadie," Lola said, trying to look into her sister's drooping blue eyes: "what has Gilbert Lee been saying to you?"

The crimson blood tinged Sadie's face and throat, and her fingers trembled over her work.

"Tell me," urged Lola.

"Nothing. At least, nothing more than he has said a hundred times before. But he wants to see me this afternoon, and—and——"

Sadie paused again, and then said, speaking very rapidly—

"I promised Charley he should go with us to Aunt Kate's this evening."

"And you think this afternoon's interview will make you regret your promise?" Lola said, sadly.

"I don't know."

Sadie put her work aside, abruptly, and took a seat at her sister's feet.

"I don't know, Lola. Lola, did you love Frank very, very much?"

"Yes, dear."

"And yet he was poor. He only left you the cottage when he died. Were—were you ever sorry you married a poor man, Lola?"

"Never, Sadie," was the firm answer. "No wealth could have made me as happy as Frank's love. We were poor, worked hard, and had heavy sorrow when our babies died, both on the same day, when Frank broke his arm and lost his situation—bitterest of all sorrow, when Frank, too, died; but I never regretted my marriage for one moment, Sadie. If it were all to live over again, I would marry Frank."

There was a long silence, then Sadie said, in a low tone—

"Gilbert Lee is rich, Lola; his wife need not turn old dresses, nor cook dinners."

"Gilbert Lee's wife may be very happy, Sadie. He is a man for whom I have great respect, an honorable man, generous and tender, but, Sadie, his wife will not be happy, if she does not love him."

The door-bell rang at this moment, and Sadie went out, returning with a small package and a bouquet of choice flowers.

"Two presents, Lola," she said, with a flush of pleasure on her round cheek. "No name with either, only a card of birthday congratulations. The flowers are from Charlie, I am sure. He always sends me a bouquet for a party; but this—oh, Lola, did you ever see anything so superb?"

For the little package, upon being opened, was found to contain a jewel casket, upon whose cushions of deep purple velvet rested a diamond bracelet, throwing forth brilliant rays of light from its clasp of pure gems.

Even Lola gave a cry of admiration as Sadie lifted the splendid present and clasped it upon her round, white arm.

"Gilbert Lee," Sadie said, "and his wife may wear such bracelets, with satin or velvet robes. See how it sparkles, Lola. Oh, I never saw anything half so beautiful in my life."

"It is beautiful," Lola answered, with a painful contraction at her heart, as she watched her young sister's beautiful face, radiant with pleasure at her gift. "But you are forgetting your flowers, Sadie. Shall I put them into water for you?"

"Yes," said Sadie, still turning the bracelet on her arm, "if you will, Lola. Oh, if I had only one silk dress to wear with this to-night."

"You mean to accept it, then? You know what that will imply, Sadie, such a costly gift as that?"

"That I must say 'Yes' when Gilbert Lee comes this afternoon. I know; I will say 'Yes.' I am tired of poverty, and I mean to have some of the delights wealth will bring."

Lola said no more.

She was a woman of loving, tender disposition, full of gentle grace, and had filled a mother's place to Sadie since her sister was left orphaned.

But she lacked energy and resolution, and long before had yielded the first place to her impulsive, active little sister.

In heart she feared sorely for Sadie's happiness, but she had no arguments ready, no words to combat the young girl's decision.

She left Sadie to finish trimming her white muslin, and admire her gift, and busied herself about the house until she saw Gilbert Lee coming up the garden walk.

Then she went into the sitting-room, where Sadie was folding the dress, and drawing her little sister into a close embrace, she whispered—

"Be sure of your own heart, Sadie."

Sure of her own heart.

Sadie ran lightly to her own room to smooth her hair, and slip on another dress.

In her hand was the velvet-lined casket containing the diamond bracelet.

She put it upon her table, and from the vase near them rose the perfume of the bouquet of flowers.

It filled the room with delicious fragrance, and Sadie bent over the vase, and nestled her cheek against the tender, beautiful blossoms.

"Dear Charley!" she whispered. "He knows I love flowers. How thoughtful he is, and how he loves me."

She drew herself erect with a deep, gasping sigh.

It flashed over her like the play of lightning, that Charley must become nothing to her when she wore Gilbert Lee's diamonds.

Life without Charley.

How odd it seemed.

For three years Charley had been to her like a brother, always kind, always loving, until within a few months she realized that Charley was not her brother after all, but aspired to a closer place in her heart.

And when this truth broke upon her, another followed closely—that Gilbert Lee was also wooing her.

But Sadie knew that he had never touched the spot in her heart where Charley had found a place three years ago.

The flowers, wrapping her in sweet incense, were telling Sadie all the secrets of her heart, when Lola tapped at the door.

"Mr. Lee is waiting, Sadie."

Never had Sadie, in the bloom of her youthful beauty, looked so dignified and womanly as she did when she entered the little parlor where Gilbert Lee awaited her.

Never had he so longed to take her to his heart and home as he did when she answered his suit with a gentle firmness.

Throwing aside all coquetry, she gave him his refusal with a truthful expression in her blue eyes, as her low voice said—

"I should wrong you, Gilbert, and be false to my own heart if I married you," she said.

"You do not love me?"

"Not as your wife should love you," she answered.

Then seeing his look of pain and mortification, she added, bravely—

"Had I known you sooner, my answer might have been different, but before we met I had given away all my love."

"Thank you for telling me that," he answered, earnestly. "I shall respect your confidence."

He was gone before Sadie remembered the bracelet.

"I must send it," she told Lola, when her sister came to her again.

Then looking into the gentle, sweet face, she whispered—

"I think I was true to my own heart, Lola."

Not long after, a white-robed little figure, in the old muslin, frilled and fluted till it was a marvel of crisp, snowy prettiness, came fluttering into the parlor.

Upon the bosom of the white dress was a cluster of Charley's flowers, and there were more twisted in the nut-brown hair.

Charley glanced at them as he came in; but Charley looked grave and preoccupied.

Never, in three years of courting, had Charley approached Sadie with such a solemn air.

Lola, guessing what was coming, was stealing away, but Charley put his hand on her arm.

"Stay!" he said, in a grave voice, "I have no secret from you. You knew long ago what I meant to ask Sadie, for you begged me to wait until she was older. She is seventeen to-night, and she must know her own heart. Sadie"—his voice thrilled with infinite tenderness as he spoke the name"—"I love you. Will you be my wife?"

Sadie, somewhat awed by his grave manner, put her little hand in his, without any other answer than a vivid blush, and downcast eyes.

In a moment the old Charley—radiant, sunny Charley—was there again

"You do love me? Oh, Sadie, I have been so wretched. Gilbert Lee was here to-day, and you are wearing his flowers. I saw him sending them to you."

"His flowers? I thought they were yours."

"No. I—I didn't send flowers. I have a confession to make, Sadie, if you will hear it."

Charley, holding Sadie's hand fast in his own, said—

"You never heard me speak about my father, but to-night I must tell you something of him.

"When I was a mere boy, not more than five years old, the gold fever took fast hold of his imagination, and he was one of the first of the gold-seekers who sailed to dig wealth from the ground, and wash it from the waters of California.

"For a little time my mother heard from him, but the intervals between the letters grew longer and longer, till after five years of watching and waiting she ceased to hear at all.

"I was but twelve years old when my mother died.

"My uncle took me into his own family, and educated me with his boys.

"He was not a rich man, and I knew that I must depend upon my own exertions for support, as soon as I was old enough to work.

"Three years ago, through a friend of my uncle, I was offered a position in the bank.

"Then I met you, Sadie, a little girl, but the sweetest and most winsome little girl in the world.

"Your sister's kind hospitality to the stranger, the poor clerk, enabled me to see you often; to love you fondly followed very soon.

"But I was poor, and you had often told me how bitter and galling poverty was to you.

"I had no wealth to lay at your feet, and you were but a child, so I spoke no words of love, bound you by no promise, hoping to win gold to offer you before you were much older."

"What a mercenary thing you must have thought me," said Sadie, laughing.

"Then," Charley said, "Gilbert Lee came. He was rich, and he was young, too, and handsome, with a winning tongue and a gentle courtesy of manner.

"He saw you, Sadie, and he loved you. I did dare urge my suit then. I did not dare ask you to clasp hands with poverty, when there was wealth waiting for your acceptance.

"I waited, and to-day I know Gilbert Lee had a private interview with you.

"I came to-night nerved to bear the worst, and find you love me, Sadie. You will be my wife, though Gilbert Lee offers you his superb home?

"Wait, little one, my story is not finished yet.

"Yesterday I heard from my uncle of my father's death in San Francisco. The greed for money for money's sake, hardened him against home, wife, and child. To add to his hoard, he changed his name, and allowed his own family to mourn him as dead.

"Not until death came to tear him away from his treasures, did he resume his own name and make his will, by which he leaves me, his only son, heir to five hundred thousand dollars.

"It is all ours, Sadie—yours, mine and Lola's.

"I have no sister except Lola, you know. But, Sadie, though I didn't send you the flowers, I did send you a birthday gift—a bracelet. Will you not wear it to-night?"

"You!" cried Sadie. "Oh, if you knew how nearly I returned it to Gilbert Lee. It is in a package directed to him, with a note of thanks, but declining his gift at this moment."

But it figured at Aunt Kate's party, and only a few weeks later lent its brilliant jets of light to beautify Sadie's wedding dress, when she became Charley's wife.

The Haunted Stream.

BY HENRY FRITH.

SOFT and low came the murmur of voices over the silent water—soft and low as from the far distance.

I stood by the river's brink and listened.

It was evening, the sun was just above the long, low hills that bounded the horizon to the west; he was setting grandly, flooding the heavens with gold and crimson light.

To the east twilight was stealing over the landscape, softening and shrouding all things in its own dainty beauty.

All around were low-lying marshes, whose green level was only broken here and there by billowy mounds, and by trees, ranged in rows, or sometimes standing singly, but never in groups.

At my feet flowed the river.

It had its rise under the hills of the setting sun near its birthplace; perhaps it meandered gracefully, but through these seemingly endless marshes it took a direct, purpose-like course, so I could look straight up stream into the dazzling light of the setting sun, or straight down stream into the soft, mellow gloom of the summer twilight, and nowhere was there a curve in its banks, or a shrub that could hide boat or man from my sight.

For the most part the grass came down to the water, and was met by the rushes, amongst whose sheltering leaves grew the forget-me-not; but in one or two places there was an abrupt bank, as if part of a grass-covered mound had been cut away to make the course of the river perfectly straight.

As I stood, I observed one down stream.

It was about five feet high; some richly colored flowers grew in the clefts of the earth, and an old willow stood upon it, still bearing one green branch that, drooping, low, made a delicate background to some proud heads of foxglove that grew in its highest crannies.

There was not a sound, or a movement; the birds were asleep, no insects buzzed, no leaves rustled, no little fish made a ripple in the water, no rat skulked out in search of prey; the rushes, whose slender blades are stirred by a breath, were motionless, and the stream was as still as a mirror, and reflected as immovably the sky with its golden radiance, and the flowers on its banks, and the old half-dead willow with its few green branches, and the motionless rushes.

A calm, as of suspended life, was upon earth, and air, and heavens; and I should have felt the sad pain of absolute silence, save for the murmur of voices that came soft and low over the silent river.

It came down stream, and I looked up into the dazzling sunlight for the boat that bore the speakers.

There was no boat; still the murmur came nearer.

I heard two voices; one was sweet and clear, the other deep and strong: and they were lovers' voices, I knew, for they had a monotonous melody, as if speaking even on one pleasant topic.

They came nearer, nearer, floating slowly down the stream.

The clear voice and the deep voice made a marvellous music in the still evening air.

There was no laugh, no loud tone, no eager word, no wild glee, as if their joy was new to them; but a steady, gladsome harmony of tone, as if, though rejoicing in the happiness, they understood it well, and had no fear that it would pass away from them.

"The low rays of the setting sun dazzle me," I thought. "That is why I cannot see the boat."

So I turned towards the twilight to rest my eyes.

I heard the glad sound of the voices more and more clearly, and I listened for the dip of the oars.

Then I thought, "They are drifting down with the stream; that is fast journeying enough for lovers."

The voices came nearer and nearer. They were close behind me.

My eyes were well rested.

I looked at the river; there was no boat.

The sun had sunk lower, its rays no longer dazzled me, and I saw well and clearly that there was no boat.

Still from the centre of the stream came the voices, clear, and steady, and full—a sweet living music.

I heard the word "life" distinctly, and then one quiet kiss; and again the pleasant converse recommenced.

The tone of the voices was so tranquil, yet so full of a joyous thrill, that I felt a strange certainty of the perfect happiness of the speakers.

The voices passed me; they were gliding down the river yet.

I saw no boat, and a wondering awe possessed me, and I looked all around for help to understand them.

The sun was set; still, some of his golden beams lingered in the sky. The low hills looked cold and stern, but the green marshes and peaceful water were calm and smiling as before, and above the twilight was the crescent moon.

The voices were still passing down the stream.

I followed them.

They seemed so earnest and so true that my heart warmed to them, and I forgot my awe and wonder of the previous moment.

They were in the centre of the river.

Gradually they neared the farther side, and became stationary when they reached the raised bank where the willow-tree stood and the foxgloves grew.

They talked still in the same calm, clear tones.

Suddenly they were silent.

They stopped abruptly, like a melody partly played.

I listened intently; there was not a sound.

I walked up and down by the river, waiting for the voices. I longed for their sweet music.

There was in their tones such healthy, earnest happiness that I felt a strong sympathy with them: and as I watched and waited, and they came no more, I grew strangely desolate and oppressed.

The twilight had covered the landscape with its soft gloom: the moon was brighter, and one star twinkled in the pale summer sky, and the river lay cold and lifeless as a mirror.

I took a last long look at the peaceful scene.

The memory of the murmuring voices gave it a new charm—a sweet and touching melancholy, and as I heard the nightingale's sad note, I thought, "'Tis a truly fitting neighborhood for the bird of sorrowful song."

* * * * * * *

"So you were on the marshes last night?" said a friend to me the day after my solitary walk. "Did you hear the voices?"

He spoke solemnly as a believer in them.

"I did," I replied, "and would gladly hear them again."

"You were not afraid—you felt no awe at the mysterious sound?"

"It seemed so real that I expected to find

the speaker at first. Afterwards I felt awe and wonder, but they soon passed away.

"In my excitement, I seemed lifted above myself. I could almost fancy something of the poetic instinct filled my soul for a time."

My friend smiled sadly.

"I am so hopelessly prosaic." And he had written half a tragedy!

"Have you heard them?" I asked.

"No, they come but once a year. They are the voices of a skilled workman and his sweetheart, a farmer's daughter.

"Andrew came once a week to see Margaret, and usually took her for a row on the river.

"He lived in a city, so the water was a treat to him, and they cooed their love ditties on the stream.

"This was to be their last row, for in a week they would be married, and afterwards they were to live in town.

"There was an idiot lad who had been born on the farm. His father was dead, and he lived with his mother; he was quite harmless, was fair, gentle, and affectionate as a girl.

"Margaret had always pitied and petted him, and Andrew noticed him to please Margaret; and sometimes as they went to the boat he walked after them, silent and watchful as a dog.

"This last evening he was with them, and they talked on, not heeding him in the least; and they spoke of their living in town, and their regret at leaving the pleasant river where they had passed so many happy hours; and Margaret said, 'Oh, dear, dear river, I wish I need never leave you!' or some such words.

"The farm-servants had finished their supper, and the moon was up, yet Margaret and Andrew had not returned.

"The farmer grew anxious, and went to look for them. A nephew accompanied him.

"They walked the two miles to the house where the boats were hired without meeting the truants.

"There they were told that they were still on the water, so they walked on up the river to meet them.

"There is no real darkness on a summer's night so they walked up the bank of the river, listening and watching; they distinctly saw an empty boat drifting down the stream.

"They shouted, but no answer came; they ran wildly on, looking for traces of the lost.

"They found an oar, and Andrew's straw hat.

"They sought amongst the rushes, moving them tenderly on the side next the water, lest they should rudely touch the dear faces of their dead.

"They sought eagerly at last wildly, and finding nothing, paused breathless. Then a long, wild wail broke upon the still night, and the father threw himself upon the ground.

"The people at the boat-house heard the shriek, and they knew its meaning.

"The boatman's brave daughter went swiftly over the desolate marshes to the farm to summon help, and the man and his brother came up the stream.

"The father roused himself, and went to work heartily with the others to find the bodies.

"After myself waiting for official help, they were recovered, and laid on the bank in the gay, broad sunlight.

"The sturdy farmer of the night before was old, and shrivelled, and gray when he stood gazing mournfully on the beloved dead, with the glad summer landscape around him, and the lark high overhead pouring forth his joyful matin song.

"During the search a head of white foxglove was found floating in the water; and as that flower grew only on the high bank under the willow tree, it was supposed in getting it the boat had capsized.

"About six months after, the widow and her son left the farm mysteriously.

"The woman could not write, but she left a message with the minister for the farmer, thanking him for all his kindness, and begging him not to think her ungrateful, but she was compelled to go.

"There was much marvelling at her departure, and much talking about the boy, and much retelling of little speeches of his that no one had noticed at the time. Everybody was so accustomed to let him talk, and pay no heed.

"But now one person remembered his saying, 'Those are white foxgloves, and they were hard to have.' And another, 'O, dear river, I wish I need never leave you,' as Margaret said. And another, 'O, dear river, I wish I could never leave you,' as Margaret said. And another, 'She loved the river and was very brave.' And another, 'Andrew taught the idiot boy and used to laugh at his fancying a fair face across the ripples.' And another, 'I saw across the ripples.' And another, 'I saw the widow put her arm across the ripples to get her boat from the bank under the willow tree, and saying, with exultation at his own cleverness, 'That sent them into the river for ever.'

"The farmer's nephew heard this, and thought that the boy was acting over again the old scene, and now it is believed that he caused the death in mistaken love.

"The poor mother evidently learnt from her son the fearful deed, and carried him away in fear of avenging justice. Poor mother, my heart aches for thee; thine was the bitterest suffering!"

My friend paused, pale, and almost trembling.

"I thank you!" I said, and presently added "Send me some of your tragedy, Arthur."

But he gave me no pleased answer, though I spoke a good deal to him at random, and to divert my own thoughts.

He pressed his hand over his eyes, and said, "And you have heard the voices!"

Finding Her Friends.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

MISS DUBARLE was five-and-forty years of age.

She was stout and short, with no waist to speak of; and hands that were red and fat, instead of white and slender; and features that belonged to no Grecian type or Roman mould, but seemed to be setting up a character each on its own account, with no reference whatever to the others.

For the world is not altogether stocked with Venuses and Helens, whatever the romantic writers would like to make us believe and there is no reason why a plain female cannot be a heroine, in spite of her looks.

But we have not mentioned the most important fact of all.

Miss Dubarle had ten thousand of her own.

And that was, without doubt, the reason that her relatives sent her pressing invitations to "come and visit them," and dispatched cases of wine, hampers of game, and boxes of new books down to Dubarle Farm.

Little girls worked hideous pincushions and tidies to decorate her rooms.

[illegible] specimens, however prolix they might be.

For a [illegible] old maid is worth cultivating, and it wasn't at all likely, now, that Miss Dubarle would ever marry.

It was a bleak October afternoon.

The red and brown leaves whirled round and round in the blast and the great coal fire in the grate, sending every now and then spiteful little gusses of smoke into the room where Miss Dubarle and her second cousin and companion, Janet Heath, sat together, working crochet roses for a counterpane.

[illegible] Miss Dubarle, pettishly "you're a fool!"

Janet looked up with a flush of color on her pale, pretty cheek.

She was not unaccustomed to these little complimentary remarks on the part of Miss Dubarle.

"Be a sensible girl," added the elder female. "Give him up, and I'll buy you a blue silk dress and a black lace shawl."

"But I love him, Miss Dubarle."

"Oh, pshaw! [illegible]"

"Love indeed!" [illegible]

"And," added Janet, growing more rosy than ever, as she stooped to pick up her ivory needle, "he says he would be miserable without me. Don't be angry, Miss Dubarle but indeed—indeed I must marry him."

Miss Dubarle jumped up so suddenly that [illegible] shrill note of consternation.

"Very well," she said; "very well [illegible] Heath. [illegible] once. And pack mine first, if you please Janet Heath."

"You are not going away Miss Dubarle?" cried poor Janet, in consternation.

"I am going to visit my relatives," said Miss Dubarle, with pursed-up lips.

And then little Janet knew that her own fate as far as any worldly advantages to be derived from kinship to the heiress, was sealed.

"Put in the black silk gown, Janet," said Miss Dubarle, in a tone as lugubrious as if she were giving orders for her own funeral. [illegible] why my cares should be entitled to any more consideration than my poor [illegible] heart."

And then as Janet Heath began to cry, Miss Dubarle marched out of the room.

"I never could endure the vapors," said Miss Dubarle. "I'll go to my niece Maria, or maybe I'll make Herbert Smythe a little bit of a visit; he's always saying how delighted he would be to entertain me in his bachelor quarters.

"They both love me, although I haven't done half for them that I have for this little serpent's tooth of a Janet. I dare say she expected to be my heiress, but she'll find out her mistake."

And Miss Dubarle, who allowed no sunset to go down upon her wrath, slept that night in the fifth story of a first-rate London hotel.

"I don't think I shall miss that child Janet much," she said, rather regretfully, to herself, the next morning, as she [illegible] her tea and [illegible] "and

Our Young Folks.

THAT DREADFUL DAY.

BY BLAKE PAXSON

"OH, nurse dear, what makes you look like 'a if you wanted to cry?"

Nurse did look troubled as she answered her little charge, "Poor mamma's not well, Miss Dossie."

"But you'll take care of her, won't you?" asked the little girl confidently, and a pair of soft arms stole round nurse's neck.

"Of course I will, my pet," said nurse, lifting her off the bed.

The bright little face was unusually grave all breakfast-time, although they were staying at Sunecliffe and had been having such pleasant, happy days.

But Dossie's was such a loving little heart—a merry little creature too, and children soon forget trouble, and it is good that they should.

After breakfast was over, nurse tucked up her little pink dress, took off her shoes and stockings, and carried the little girl across the road on to the beach, where she just in front of their house; then she brought out her brother Hugh.

"Now, darlings," she said, "I must leave you to play alone this morning, because poor mamma's ill, and I have had to send Lizzie to Walton for the doctor. You'll be a good child, Miss Dossie, and not tease Master Hugh?"

"We'll be good, won't we, Hugh?" asked Dossie, full of excitement at the idea of being trusted to play alone.

Hugh promised too, and nurse left them.

They played quite happy for a very long time; then nurse ran out with some sandwiches and buns, and a mug of milk.

"I am afraid I can't get you any more dinner to-day, dears; I can't leave mamma, and Lizzie isn't back yet. So you can eat this a picnic."

Both children were delighted.

"What shall we do now?" asked Hugh, when the eatables had vanished before their seaside appetites with marvellous quickness.

"Let's build another great, big castle," proposed Dossie.

"No; I don't want to; I'm tired of that," replied Hugh. "I wish we could have a donkey-ride."

"Yes, that would be beautiful; but we can't, 'cause nurse isn't here, or papa, and we haven't got any pennies, you know," said Dossie.

"Come and find some 'nellans, then, like papa showed us," exclaimed Hugh. "Come along, Dossie; he said there were such, great, huge, big ones a long way off on the beach."

"I think we mustn't go all alone," said Dossie doubtfully; "and oh, Hugh, your legs will hurt so! It's so long up there!"

"Dossie, how disagreeable you are! You're 'fraid 'cos you're a girl. Only girls tease."

"I'm not 'fraid," said Dossie, indignantly; then remembering that nurse had told her not to tease, she added—

"Come along, we'll go."

And the little sun-browned feet trotted over the sand so quickly, that Hugh had hard work to keep up with them.

It was quite true that Dossie was not frightened.

Nothing in which there was a spice of fun or adventure was likely to frighten her.

But she was trying to be very good and thoughtful, for was not nurse telling her continually, that she ought to give up to poor little Hugh, and take care of him—although he was older than she—because he was not strong?

People used to say she ought to have been the boy, she was so full of fun and daring.

Often the slight, graceful, childish figure might have been seen climbing, with the utmost ease, up the steep face of the cliff, or perched triumphantly upon some dizzy height, which little Hugh never would have attempted to reach.

She would look quite surprised when told that such feats were dangerous, and shaking her fair curls would exclaim with dimpling cheeks and laughing eyes, "But it's so nice up there! and I feel 'a if I can't fall, you know;" and no one had the heart to be angry with her, for she was never rough or boisterous, with all her daring.

Her wise, kind mamma had found out a way to restrain her adventurous habits somewhat.

"It makes poor little Hugh feel so sad because he's a boy and can't do it too. He would be able to, if he were healthy and strong like you," she said.

The loving little heart understood at once, and for the future was careful to avoid showing our brother's weakness.

After a little while, seeing that he was running with difficulty, she threw herself down on the sands, exclaiming—

"I'm going to rest," though she was not at all tired.

"Very well; I s'pose you're tired now," said Hugh.

"Oh, I say! look there!" he exclaimed suddenly, after a little while, pointing with his finger.

"What? only some donkeys," replied Dossie, gazing where he pointed.

"Yes, Dossie, but there's no man with them," replied Hugh impressively.

Dossie opened her merry little eyes wider, and said

"No there isn't! What fun if they should run away, and the man come back and have to run after him! but falling off, and he couldn't get [illegible]," as if they both had a hearty laugh.

"Suppose we go for a ride at, for nothing, and bring them back again?" was Hugh's next sadly ungrammatical speech.

"Oh, Hugh! you do think of nice things!" said Dossie, clapping her hands, "only," with a sudden cloud of disappointment on the bright little face, "papa said the man must have pennies, or else he couldn't buy any food."

"Well! can't I give him my sixpence what papa'll give me when he comes on Saturday?"

"Oh, yes! so you can," and Dossie, clapping her hands again. "Come along, Hugh," and taking each other's hand the little pair trotted over to the donkeys.

But here they were met by a difficulty.

"We can't get out without some one big; we're not high enough," said Dossie, mournfully.

Hugh was quick enough at thinking, though he was not strong.

"I, look sure! we can make a great big heap of sand, and get up on that, and then we can reach," he said triumphantly.

"Oh, that will be fine," said Dossie, regarding her brother admiringly.

They immediately set to work, and had soon raised the heap high enough for their purpose.

With a delightful glow of triumph and excitement, Dossie enthroned herself upon a large, light-colored donkey, which she decided to call "Prince," because he was such a beauty.

Then she held the bridle of the other, which she called "Brownie," while Hugh scrambled to his place.

There was no one on the beach to notice the two little people as they moved slowly off, the waves murmuring an accompaniment to their silvery laughter and sweet childish prattle.

Every one had gone home to dinner or luncheon except the boy who had the care of the donkeys, and he was fast asleep under the shadow of a boat.

Here, you see, there were three people doing wrong.

The two children, because they had not stopped to think, and the boy, because he was not doing what he had been told.

People cannot watch even a donkey with their eyes shut.

So there was no one to stop them as they rode merrily through the bright September sunshine into——

I wonder whether you can guess what?

Trouble?

Yes, plenty of it, as you shall hear.

I wonder if a donkey thinks? It almost seems as if Prince did.

For although he went pretty well at first, yet after a while, I suppose, he thought he was not doing right, so he tried to turn round and go back again.

But Dossie was a clever little rider, and knew how to guide him where she wished him to go.

Then Prince began to flourish his tail and kick up his heels, but that only made her laugh, while her eyes sparkled with triumph, because he couldn't throw her off.

"Where there's a will there's a way."

Prince's way to get his will was to lie down.

Of course Dossie slipped off then.

Unfortunately, her little feet had slipped from the stirrup before, so all she had to do was to get up, looking very crestfallen indeed.

But there was no time to think about it, for Brownie was showing a decided inclination to follow his companion.

Between them they managed to prevent this misfortune, and Brownie grew quieter as soon as his comrade was fairly out of sight.

"Oh, Hugh, look! I've found such a beautiful 'nellan," said Dossie (Cornelian we mean).

"I must find some too," exclaimed Hugh eagerly; "only I don't want Brownie to run away. I know—let's go on to the breakwater, and tie him up; I've got Jip's collar in my pocket. That'll just do."

"Did you bring it for tying up donkeys?" asked Dossie delightedly.

"Of course, I fought it might be useful," replied Hugh gravely, as he slipped the collar through a chink in the board, and buckled it securely after having looped it through the bridle.

"Now for the 'nellans, Dossie; you shall have all I find to make a necklace."

"You are a kind boy," said Dossie, giving him a kiss, and they were soon busily engaged.

Presently she disappeared round an angle of the cliff.

She soon came back again to tell Hugh that there were such nice "rooms" in the cliff.

"Three of them, only think! one for you and one for me, and one for Brownie's stable."

"Let's bring Brownie," said Hugh delightedly. So the patient animal was unbuckled and brought into his new stable, and just as if it were put there on purpose, there was a great iron chain fastened to a ring in the stony face of the cliff which was boarded to some distance above their heads.

They were only just able to reach high enough to [illegible] up once more; and then they went into the next "room" and got quite a heap of cornelians.

It took some time, and great care, to find them and pick them out from the other stones. They slipped every now and then [illegible].

He soon got tired of looking for some [illegible] and set to work to explore a small [illegible] in the cliff, when he heard Dossie calling to him in a distressed voice.

"Oh, Hugh! make haste, come—look! what shall we do?"

Hugh raised himself rather unwillingly (for the crab did look so funny scrambling sideways over the rock,) and went to Dossie.

She was just where the cliff came out to a point, and had that part of the beach which lay between them and home.

The water was only a few inches away from the angle of the cliff, which curved out again in front of them toward the sea; it had crept [illegible] slowly while they were playing, and the tiny glistening waves were just pressing against the [illegible] with great [illegible].

So they were cut off from land by a wide expanse of sea.

Dossie began to cry bitterly, for the only thing that she was afraid of was water.

She at once was reminded of it, that the [illegible] had been there, neither [illegible] could persuade her to bathe.

"Don't be frightened, Dossie," said Hugh, taking hold of her hand. "Come back into the house and I will go out on to that rock and call some one."

"I want to go home," sobbed Dossie.

"There'll be lots of [illegible] presently, you little silly," said Hugh, rather impatiently; for he only hoped that what he was saying was true.

When he dipped his little brown toes into the water, Dossie screamed with terror.

"Don't—come back! You'll be drowned-dead!"

"No I won't, Dossie, and it isn't your fault! I'm going to make a signal.

A few [illegible] later he had clambered [illegible] with large square rocks, standing out of the water, and tying his handkerchief to his spade, he waved it above his head, and shouted.

Not a sound answered save the swish of the water, as it broke round his slippery standing place.

He could see [illegible] upon the calm surface of the sea, as it rose higher and higher round the rock.

From time to time he turned round to shout a few cheering words to Dossie, but they were getting fainter and more make-believe every moment.

The last time he turned to look at her, she was crouching down against the cliff, with the water within a yard of her.

"Dossie, Dossie, here's a ship," he cried at last, and wondered why she didn't answer.

It was a long way off, and he couldn't tell whether the people on it could see or hear him; so he kept on shouting.

He was quite startled when he heard Dossie's voice at a little distance from him.

Terrified at the rising of the water round the rock, the brave little maid had conquered her own fears, and had unfastened and mounted Brownie, and with great difficulty had guided him to the rock.

I suppose Brownie was used to the sea, or she never could have managed it.

"Try to get up in front. You must," she said, her bright, winsome little face, white and quivering with fear.

But the rock was slippery, and Brownie did not like to stand still.

In trying to help her brother on to his back she was nearly dragged off.

Then a voice shouted from the distance—

"Jump off on to the rock."

Dossie obeyed trumblingly, for Brownie was plunging and struggling now, so that she and Hugh could hardly hold him.

So she slipped off, falling up to her waist in water, and clung with both hands to the slippery stone.

Then Hugh tried to help her up; the water seemed to be rushing in her ears; everything grew darker and darker, and she knew no more.

* * * * * *

When she awoke, she was in her own dear papa's arms, and Hugh the other side of him in the boat.

Nurse had [illegible] on [illegible] missing them, and several people had been [illegible] them, when some one remembered [illegible] these cliffs at low water, and [illegible] brought the boat just in time to save them.

Hugh was very ill the next day, and a great many days after, but both he and his mamma were well when they said good-bye to Sunecliffe.

I must not forget to tell you that Brownie was found standing quietly under some trees, at the entrance to a wood, the next morning, just as if he had never been in any adventure at all.

As for Hugh and Dossie, they never forgot "that dreadful day," though no one punished them.

ANSWER THIS.—Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver, or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

POETS' PETS.

WHETHER Shakespeare ever cherished any animal pet, we do not know. He has been accused of not sufficiently appreciating the worth of the most companionable of animals, the dog. But that really says nothing.

We are not aware that Dryden lauded the dog in verse, ample reason as he had for so doing.

Waylaid by five footpads, the poet allowed himself to be robbed of everything else; but when they would have taken his mother's locket, cried—

"Catch the rascals, Dragon—catch them!" and fled, leaving the brave hound to settle matters with the robbers unassisted.

Finding some wood-cutters at an ale-house, he persuaded them to go back with him, and not his faithful Dragon coming slowly along, bleeding from wounds too many to count—wounds of which he died a few weeks later; his mourning master's only consolation being that two of the robbers were caught and hanged.

[illegible] letter to a friend, Pope says:

"As it is the case in regard to children, so my fate to dog has a little client one and more of the most singular shape. He is not much of a spaniel in his fawning but as wise as most he be for any man's wish to imitate him in—a dumb surly sort of kindness, that rather shows itself when he think me ill used by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourselves. It will be the chief point of [illegible] to compare with a friend a mixture and medley [illegible], to possess it in an eminent degree. He sits down when I sit, and walks when I walk—which is more than many friends can pretend to; witness our walk a year ago in St. James's Park."

When Pope lost his little companion, he at first thought to place a monument over his remains, inscribed "O rare Bounce!" but relinquished the idea, possibly thinking of Ben Jonson's epitaph, and seeing the extravagance of putting a spaniel on all-fours with a poet.

Another poet did worse when he made regrets for a lost pet an excuse for libelling his own kind, as Wolcot, when he penned these lines:

Here rest the relics of a friend below,
Blest with more sense than half the folks I know:
Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
He hunted not, but calmly gnawed his bone:
Performing his functions well in every way
Blush, Christians, if you can, and copy Tray.

In the same spirit, Byron extolled his beloved Newfoundland as possessing beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of Man, without his vices.

Mrs. Byron's Gilpin was probably at one time of a different opinion, since Boatswain never missed an opportunity of worrying him; so that when the latter was left in charge of the poet's mother, she thought it advisable to send her own pet to Newstead, out of harm's way.

Soon afterwards, Boatswain was missing for several hours; and when he returned, he brought Gilpin with him, led him to the kitchen fire, lavishing upon him every possible token of affection. [illegible] time on the two were the best of friends, and Boatswain had but to hear Gilpin's voice raised in distress, to fly to the rescue.

He was but five years old in November 1808, when his master wrote:

"Boatswain is dead! He expired in a state of madness on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost everything, except old Murray."

Byron was unlucky with his pets; his bull-mastiff Nelson, escaped from the house unmuzzled, fastened [illegible] by the throat; and paying no attention to [illegible] from sticks and whips, did not let go his hold till he was shot through the head.

A NEW BOOK.—A new volume on Connecticut is chiefly devoted to advertising notices of various firms and corporations, each of which concludes with sketches of the firm members or officers of the corporation. As the publisher has [illegible] such matter [illegible] scope, according to the space paid for, the book gives a fine opportunity [illegible] Many sketches, [illegible] good taste, but there are not a few that furnish food for mirth. A horse doctor says that he is "a cultivated scholar, an honorable gentleman, and a desirable accession to the ranks of professional men." A man who has recently served a term in jail is said to bear "a high reputation among [illegible]." One who [illegible] and lighting service [illegible] the battles and followed the flag of that [illegible] a meteoric organization through [illegible]." Another [illegible] has [illegible] to the benefit of others [illegible] city and state."

VERY few men are so stingy that they will not share a kiss with a pretty girl.

The circulation of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has led to the effort of many [illegible] to counterfeit or imitate it, but the people [illegible] are not to be deceived. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

THE OLD WAY.

BY C. J.

Eighteen hundred and eighty-four,
Divide by four and naught remains;
So this is the year when Cupid gives
To dimpled hands, his golden chains!
But though lips jest, the tripping feet
Will hide within home's safe retreat:
For what lass would stray
From the path of Love's old-fashioned way?

When grandma was young, as she quaintly says,
"They used to court by the spinning wheel,
Or count the hours their sweethearts stayed,
By the rows of knots on the busy reel!"
And though wrinkled now, and grey and old,
Her heart to love has ne'er grown cold;
And she joys to-day,
To talk of the dear, old-fashioned way.

Ah! the rosy cheeks and the laughing eyes,
Behind the window-panes will wait,
Giving Cupid warning that other hands
Than theirs must open the household gate:
The wheels are gone—girls do not spin—
But the lover that wooed is sure to win
A bride some day,
If he woo in Love's old-fashioned way.

Bright orange-blossoms and a wedding chime,
To each maiden's heart are sure to bring
A hint of the sweet and joyous time,
She, too, may wear love's precious ring:
A hint of the charm that is ever new,
When first the board is spread for two;
So she'll not say—"Nay,"
If wooed in Love's dear, old-fashioned way.

COURTSHIP.

THE inauguration of a courtship may occur in a thousand different ways. In some cases it can be tracked back to the innocent championship and confidences of early childhood; in others it springs from the sudden inspiration of what is called "love at first sight."

We have before us a curious old-fashioned Letter-writer, which seems to supply epistolary prescriptions for almost every exigency of human life. A section of the work is devoted to showing how letters ought to be written on matters pertaining to love, courtship and marriage.

One of the most interesting specimens—especially as showing how a courtship might have been initiated in the less conventional days of our grandfathers—purports to be "From a young man suddenly captivated at the play-house." "The charms of your person," says the "young man suddenly captivated," "which appeared to such advantage last night at the theatre, have totally deprived me of my heart. I flatter myself my glances were not altogether disagreeable, as I did not perceive any token of disdain. I am therefore encouraged, though a stranger, to make this humble acknowledgment of my love; and, if you will honor me with an interview, in the presence of any relation, will satisfy you, and those whom it may concern, with respect to my parentage, connections, profession, and all other matters that should be known previous to allowed familiarity. Presuming, unless a fatal pre-engagement prevents, that you will comply with my request, seeing that my designs are apparently honorable, I remain, waiting with the utmost impatience for an answer," etc.

To this epistle the young lady's papa replies, the prescribed form of his answer being so far favorable as to arrange for an interview.

All this is delightful; but it is hardly considered the proper thing now-a-days for a young lady at the theatre to treat the "glances" of strange young men with anything else than "disdain," or, at all events, apparent unconsciousness; and the chances are ninety-nine to a hundred that such an epistle would now be consigned to the fire or the waste-basket.

The illustration, however, recalls the story of a certain celebrated actress who, on one occasion, received the following original declaration, which, one may safely presume, was certainly not copied from a Letter-writer:

"Mademoiselle—I am only a poor worker, but I love you like a millionaire. While waiting to become one, I will send you this simple bunch of violets. If my letter gives you a wish to know me, and to answer to the sentiments of my soul, when you are on the stage to-night, lift your eyes to the gallery; my legs will hang over."

A young gentleman fell in love with the daughter of his employer; but the different social status of the pair seemed to preclude all hope of a successful issue, the young lady's papa sternly forbidding any further progress in the matter, and denying the young man the privilege of continuing to visit at his house. The situation appeared almost hopeless; but feminine ingenuity rose to the occasion. The old gentleman was in the habit of wearing a cloak, and the young couple made him the unconscious bearer of their correspondence. The young lady would pin a letter inside the lining of her father's cloak, and when the old gentleman threw off the garment in the counting-house, her lover would take the earliest opportunity to secure the valued missive, and to send back his reply in the same manner. Love and ingenuity were finally successful.

A friend of Robert Hall, the famous English preacher, once asked him regarding a lady of their acquaintance:

"Will she make a good wife for me, do you think?"

"Well," said Mr. Hall, "I can't say—I never lived with her."

Here Mr. Hall touched the real test of happiness in married life. It is one thing to see ladies on "dress" occasions, and when every effort is being made to please them; it is quite another thing to see them amidst the varied and often conflicting circumstances of household life.

Grains of Gold.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.

A long face is plaguy apt to cover a long conscience.

One always has time enough if he will apply it well.

Experience joined to common sense, to mortals is a providence.

Ill-fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not.

We should believe only in works; words are sold for nothing everywhere.

Be at peace without thinking of the future; there may be none for you.

He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

Disparage and depreciate no one; an insect has feelings, and an atom a shadow.

Thou wilt be great only in proportion as thou art gentle and courageous to subdue passions.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hid in adversity.

To educate the mind, and let manners and heart run wild, curses humanity with mildew.

The light of friendship is the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

Common sense does not ask an impossible chess-board, but takes the one before it and plays the game.

Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon, for, bad as many be, it is the best we have to live in—here.

No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept away from idle companions.

There's nothing that should be despised so much as cant of all kinds; it's a sure sign of a tricky disposition.

We cannot be too much on our guard against reactions, lest we rush from one fault into another contrary fault.

Neither a man nor a woman is entirely safe until he or she can endure blame and receive praise without excitement.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross there is in our composition.

Nothing can justify feelings of wrath, much less imprecations uttered by a Christian against any of the Lord's creatures.

The chief properties of wisdom are, to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, provident of things to come.

He who swims securely down the stream of self-confidence is in danger of being drowned in the whirlpool of presumption.

We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity, for prosperity lends often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment.

A man may be too well learned for practical usefulness in life, as a soldier may be too well armed for usefulness in the field.

It is easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth, than one intrepid enough in the face of opposition to stand up for it.

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

As each ray of the sunbeam aids in the production of the photograph, so each deed, however trifling it may seem, is an element in the development of moral being.

The relations of life that go to form the household are the source not only of life's richest joys and most sacred memories, but also of some of the finest and noblest characteristics of man.

Books that can be read without leaving some lasting impression on the mind, are mere bubbles on the surface, evanescent as dreams. Books that are worth reading at all, are worth repeated perusal.

A mind contented is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the satisfaction of them.

Femininities.

Woman is most perfect when most womanly.

An Ohio man left his wife because she takes snuff.

Patti has been singing for 30 years, and Nilsson for 20.

Woman is a problem; man's greatest study to find her out.

How to get a good wife—Take a good girl and go to the parson.

A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure.

Sons generally take after their mothers, daughters after their fathers.

The girls of Princeton, Indiana, have organized an anti-chewing-gum society.

Of all things that man possesses, women alone take pleasure in being possessed.

A Georgia girl slapped her little brother because he caught her kissing her beau.

A woman was recently sentenced to death at Hamilton, Canada, for killing her child.

A Marylander has sued his wife for divorce, one reason being that she wouldn't let him read his Bible.

A beautiful woman is a practical poem, planting tenderness, hope and eloquence in all whom she approaches.

They govern the world, these sweet-lipped women, because beauty is the index of a larger fact than wisdom.

There are only two beautiful things in world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—women and melons.

One can, to an almost laughable degree, infer what a man's wife is like from his opinion about women in general.

The husband is called the head of the family only by those young writers who haven't had any experience in married life.

A Baltimore judge has decided that the Maryland law cannot restrain a woman's use of her favorite weapon—her tongue.

Eastern girls are depressed over the news of the scarcity of spruce gum, which has been fetching $50 a bushel in Maine cities.

In the absence of her husband, the wife of Rev. Mr. Galt, Presbyterian clergyman at Aurora, Ill., sometimes occupies his pulpit effectively.

Mrs. Hymns Eastman, of Leon, N. Y., is now her own mother-in-law, having just married her deceased husband's father, who is seventy-two years of age.

Large sums are occasionally paid for young and handsome Chinese women, but the average quotations in the San Francisco market range from $300 to $1500 a head.

Mr. Oscanyan says that Mme. Pompadour got her fashionable ideas from the Turkish ladies, and that the bangs worn at the present day were also pirated from the same source.

With an economical wife at the head of a house much can be accomplished. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if wives imbibed it once, they would cultivate it and adhere to it.

The full name of a young woman at West Fork, Iowa, is Iowa Dakota Minnesota Bennett. The truth leaked out recently when her young man applied for a marriage license.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has at last settled a question that vexed the heads and worried the hearts of fond and foolish parents. She says that the first word a baby utters is "agoo."

Mrs. L. H. Stevens, having twice married the same man, has just secured her second divorce from him at Grand Rapids, Mich., $1,500 being awarded her. She lived with him in all about fourteen years.

After bothering a long while in an effort to find "Miss Lane's account," to which an illiterate hand had said that certain material had been charged, a roadmaster's clerk discovered that "miscellaneous account" had been intended.

Writing of King Alfonso in Paris, London *Truth* recalls the fact that shortly after Queen Victoria came to the throne she was hissed and hooted at Ascot, not by the mob, but by lords and ladies, Dukes and Duchesses, who called her Mrs. Melbourne.

The wife of a Chicago merchant, who failed for a million a year ago, is now a saleswoman in a Broadway shop. She is said to have had money enough on going to New York to buy the residence on West Thirteenth street, now occupied by Mrs. Langtry.

Mrs. Rose Rich, the forewoman in one of the largest New York dry goods stores, has been stealing systematically, for five years, articles which her husband afterwards re-sold. He was worthless and dissipated; she industrious and intelligent. She is supposed to have stolen something like $10,000 worth of goods.

A man named Radcliff, who has just died at Sheffield, for a long time had pretended to be a bearded woman, and was a great attraction to the curious. Radcliff added the trade of herbalist to his profession as a harmless monstrosity. His death was mysterious, and he was found with his skull almost cut in two.

A correspondent says: "In Hong-Kong I may mention that I noticed, in 1882, several cases in which Chinese girls, living at a great distance from school, and having to traverse on their way to and from school the most crowded portion of the town, were dressed like boys and attended, all through the year, girls' schools in boys' apparel."

A so-called American duel has just been concluded between two ladies at Grosswardein, Hungary. A married actress, Mme. Gothfalvi, who has attempted suicide in that city, wrote a letter, saying that she had entered into an American duel, concerning her husband, with a lady in Vienna, and had drawn the fatal lot. Mme. Gothfalvi, however, is still alive, though her condition is reported to be hopeless.

News Notes.

A mule in Mississippi drinks whisky.

Detroit has 1,384 licensed newsboys.

A Kentucky dog crows like a rooster.

Eight Kentucky papers are edited by colored men.

Red heels on ladies' boots are the fashion in London.

A Muskegon, Mich., youth has married his uncle's widow.

Nashville forbids fortune-telling within the city limits.

Gladstone completes his 51st year in Parliament next month.

In Paris even women sometimes ride on the top of street cars.

Cincinnati makes two-thirds of the coffins used in the South.

In 22 years nine policemen have been murdered in St. Louis.

A Dresden house is making baby carriages out of paper pulp.

New Hampshire has only 685 negroes, 14 Chinese, and 77 Indians.

A "meteor" found in Maine proves to be a piece of slag from a furnace.

In Rochester, N. Y., 1,700 females belong to the Knights of Labor.

Sharpers are selling "cyclone destroyers" to Wisconsin farmers at $22 each.

Philadelphia bankers and merchants employ over 1,500 private policemen.

In 1880 there were 75 female and 64,062 male lawyers in the United States.

The women's branches of shoemakers in New York number 1,300 members.

There is a cat in Illinois who has grown a second tail, the first having been chopped off.

It is estimated that Pennsylvania has coal enough to supply the demand for three centuries.

Snakes have a great repugnance to carbolic acid, which acts as a sudden and fatal poison to them.

Lord Coleridge has now secured the fullness of fame. His name has been attached to a brand of cigarettes.

The little bird called the swift darts through the air at the rate of one hundred and eighty miles an hour.

A Jersey City man who works for $2 a week and his board, has been sued by his divorced wife for alimony.

The Princess of Wales has set the fashion of wearing natural flowers artificially dyed to produce novel effects.

A South Carolina woman won a wager from her husband by cutting down a tree in less time than he could do it.

An Englishman has been sent to prison for six months for stealing a postage stamp from a London tradesman.

Count von Moltke is the oldest Commander-in-chief. He was born in 1800, and can speak fourteen languages.

Victoria Woodhull wants a divorce from her husband, Lord Colin Campbell, because he beats her and pulls her hair.

According to an English statistician, who has been at pains to collect data on the subject, early risers live the longest.

The wedding-ring given by Martin Luther to his bride on June 13, 1525, is on exhibition at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

A Baptist divine estimates that all India will be Christianized in 50 years, should the present good work be continued.

The London Times states that next to the Bible, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has the widest circulation of any book published.

Some friend of mankind has invented a hotel bedroom alarm, by which the clerk in the office can wake a guest at any hour.

In Georgia, a man has a tame squirrel, and it goes down every morning, and brings him the newspaper from the door-step.

The Rev. Ernest Fitzroy, the rector of St. Jude's, Liverpool, was suspended the other day for three years for drunkenness.

A newspaper published in Wexford, Mich., is aiming at Metropolitan greatness. It declines to receive cord-wood for subscriptions.

A Boston paper prints "the coal sheds of Mount Auburn" for "the cool shades of Mount Auburn," in one of Ben Butler's speeches.

A flock of geese never go to sleep without appointing a sentinel, and that sentinel, to insure wakefulness, invariably stands on one foot.

A New England dog, who once had a kettle tied to its tail, now upsets every kettle it sees, and it doesn't stop to see if there is anything in it.

The following epitaph came before the Oldham Corporation Cemeteries' Committee for approval: "Think what a wife should be, and she was that."

WHERE THERE IS A WEAKNESS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS, a neglected Cold may be all that is required to establish a lingering and generally fatal disease. Even where there is no special tendency to Bronchial or Pulmonary Trouble, a severe Cold, left to take care of itself, often plants the seeds of a serious complaint, sure to be developed by subsequent indiscretions. Take especial care of your health, therefore, from the very earliest symptoms of a Cough or Cold, by prudently resorting to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will soothe and strengthen the bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and cleanse them and the lungs of all irritating substances. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

THE BLUE-BOOK.

THE Government "Blue-Book," which is always issued just before a new session of Congress comes in, is now being prepared, and will be given to the public in a short time.

It contains in each issue the names of all Government employees, with the date of their employment, the State of their birth, the State from which each was appointed, the salary each one gets, the name of the position he holds, and the location where he is employed.

The "Blue-book" grows larger every year or rather every two years, for it is published at that period.

That of four years ago contained about 1,000 pages in two volumes, that of two years ago had at least 1,300, and the one for 1883 will contain it is expected, 1,500 pages.

In view of the general belief that the Government employee is a prince, the "Blue-book" is extremely interesting. The President, as everybody knows, gets $50,000 a year.

Some people say that the presidents don't save anything out of their salaries. That is probably not true. There is no reason why they should not. They have not only their house rent furnished free, but the expenses of the White House are paid out of the public purse.

An appropriation for this special purpose is made at every session of Congress. The President certainly ought to save money out of his salary, and probably does. Possibly a few of the foreign representatives of this Government save something out of their salaries, but probably not. Their expenses abroad are very heavy, and much is expected of them, both socially and personally.

The Ministers of London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg get $17,500 each; those Vienna, Peking, Rio de Janeiro, Yeddo, Rome, Mexico, and Madrid get $12,000 a year each; those at Guatemala, Santiago, and Lima, $10,000 each; those to Venezuela, Turkey, Sweden and Norway, the Netherlands, Hayti, the United States of Columbia Belgium, and the Argentine Republic, $7,500 each; the Consuls General to Rio de Janeiro, Paris, London, and Havana, $6,000 each; the cabinet officers get $8,000 a year each, and don't save a cent of it. They are really the most poorly paid men, considering what is expected of them in the Government service.

They are expected to entertain early and often, and on a grand scale, and, instead of having everything furnished them as it is for the President, they must furnish it all themselves.

The result is that none of them can save anything out of the $8,000 a year which they are allowed.

The collector of customs at New York gets $12,000 a year, and should be able to save something from it. The collector at Boston gets $8,000 a year, so does that at Philadelphia, and those at New Orleans, San Francisco, and Baltimore get $7,000. The commissioner of internal revenue gets $6,000, the general of the army and admiral of the navy get $13,500 each; the lieutenant-general of the army, $11,000; the vice admiral in the navy, $9,000; the rear admirals, $6,000; major-generals, $7,500 each, and brigadier-generals, $5,000.

The Vice-President of the United States $8,000 a year.

The senators and representatives and stenographers in Congress get $5,000 a piece and so do the controller of the currency, the first and second controllers of the treasury, and the commanders in the navy. A few consuls-general—not over three or four—get $5,000 each, as do the interpreters at Peking and one or two other ports. The postmasters of New York gets $8,000 a year and that one ends the list of persons in the employ of the Government who receive any more than a living salary. With two-thirds of these the amount they receive is not more than they are expected to spend, and not more than they do spend.

In the blue-book there are columns upon columns of names with salaries ranging from $800 to $1,800 a year.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to the depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

ABOUT MARRIAGES.

A PLEASANT feature of the gossiping notices of marriages in the old-time papers is, that none of them contain any slanderous or malicious statements, although there was every danger of their doing so; and in no case, so far as our examination has gone, have the editors ever been under the necessity of apologizing, or retracting a statement.

Mrs. Grundy has declared that May shall not wed December without incurring her severe displeasure.

When such a marriage took place it was usually recorded in some such way as this: '22 August [1782]. At Bath, Capt. Hamilton, aged thirty, to Mrs. Monson, a lady of rank and fortune, aged eighty-five.' There could scarcely be a greater distance between the ages of a married couple than eighty years, so we may copy the record that in February 1769 there was married 'Robert Judge, Esq., of Cooksburgh, Ireland, aged ninety-five, to Miss Anne Nugent, aged fifteen. He served in King William's wars and received a ball in his nose.' Particulars of height, as well also of age, fortune, and length of courtship, were often given: 'Dec. [1775]. At York, Mr. Thomas, a grenadier in the Yorkshire Militia, six feet two inches high, to Miss Hannah Tennich of Clearlam, three feet two inches high, with a fortune of five thousand pounds.'

'5 April [1785]. At Bipley Church, Mr. Robert Long, to Miss H. Reynard.' There is an equal disparity of age and size in this couple; the bridegroom being thirty-seven years of age, and more than six feet high; the bride twenty years old, and little more than three feet high.

The paragraph recording the marriage in 1779, of a couple aged respectively eighty and eighty-five, concludes thus: 'And what is still more remarkable, there has been a courtship carried on betwixt them for more than sixty years.'

A novelist in want of a plot may get a few hints from the following condensed romance: 20 July [1775]. John Kerider, a laboring and married man, was impressed as a soldier in the year 1741; he became a French prisoner, but made his escape, and settled in Germany, where he married and buried two wives.

After thirty-three years' absence, he came to England, and found his first wife by mere accident last week selling fruit in Oxford Road.

She had buried two husbands in the time; and being both unengaged, they willingly renewed their former connection.'

The lady mentioned in our next quotation gave practical proof that she was perfectly free from sectarianism.

'Feb. [1785]. At Newcastle, Mr. Silvertop, to Mrs. Pearson. This is the third time this lady has been before the altar in the character of a bride, and there has been something remarkable in each of her three connubial engagements. Her first husband was a Quaker; her second, a Roman Catholic; and her third, a Protestant of the Established Church. Every husband was twice her age; at sixteen, she married a gentleman of thirty-two; at thirty, she took one of sixty; and now at forty two, she is united to a gentleman of eighty-four.'

In April 1782, there was married at Great Milton, Oxfordshire, 'two blacks, natives of India, and servants to C. Jones, Esq. The manner in which the wedding was conducted carried with it the air of Eastern grandeur; both arriving at the church in a very elegant carriage, and attended by a black servant; and what added not a little to the novelty of the scene, the bride, who was magnificently attired, was given away by one of her own countrymen, named Hyder Ally.'

Marriage announcements like the following are happily rare: '13 July [1772]. At Boston, Lincolnshire, Mr. William Staines. He was so extremely ill, that he was obliged to be carried to the church in a sedan-chair. He died on the 15th, was buried on the 17th, and his widow was married again on the 30th.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, MISS., Jan. 2, 1880.

I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor but feel to bless you for such a relief by your medicine and from torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after these four bott'es of your medicine, my skin is well clean and smooth as ever.

HENRY KNOCHE.

THE SONG OF THE HEN.

A minstrel am I of a single lay,
But I sing it the whole day long,
In the crowded coop, or the breezy way
I warble my simple song.
Only an egg, with its clear white shell,
The sea hath no pearl more fair—
And over that spheroid I cackle and yell,
And holler and rassel and rair.

Oh, a frail, weak thing is my ovate gem,
As it lies in my straw-lined nest;
But it taketh the orator, stern and stem,
When it cacheth him on the crest.
There is might in its weakness, and when it goes
Down in the afternoon of life,
It can lead a strong man by the nose
When it mixeth itself in the strife.

I am no slugger: the hawk that swoops
Must hunt for me under the thatch,
And yet in the field or noisy coops
I always come up to the scratch.
So I sing the only lay that I know,
In numbers becomingly meek;
Because, though "my son never sets," I know
That my life will be ended necks tweak.

—R. J. BURDETTE.

Humorous.

Woman's right—She always is.

Grave charges—The diggers' fees.

The court journal—A lover's diary.

When are watches easily stolen? When they are off their guard.

Crewel-work—Worked slippers a size too small for the curate's feet.

Query—When a passenger boards a steamboat, what is the bill of fare?

It is doubtless owing to our being made of clay that we are so easily broke.

Confectioners are the only class of men who charge pretty girls for taffy.

"He was a kind friend and a numerous father," is the epitaph now popular in Utah.

Thousands are cured yearly of Heart Disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator does it. At druggists.

A lawyer works at his profession from the very start. He begins by prosecuting his studies.

It is generally known, but any girl will tell you that gold bangles are warmer than worsted wristlets.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 108 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Hughes' Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give instant relief, and effect a cure. (They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box: twelve Corn or six Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, Eighth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

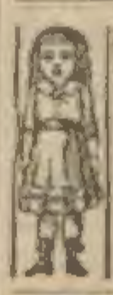
Nervous Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 30 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.
Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

50 PER CENT SAVED on Patent Medicines. Send for prices to W. T. Totten, 672 N. 10th, Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED.



SINGING DOLLS $2.50, upwards. Equal in appearance and quality to dolls of the same price which do not sing. Sent on receipt of price or by Express C. O. D.
AUREPHONES $10. A first-class, durable mechanical musical instrument; 12 notes and music paper on spools. Agents wanted. Send for circulars.
Wm. Steelon, 923 & 925 Chestnut St., Phila.

OVER THE WORLD.

☞ The Cream of a Whole Library. A wonderfully fascinating book. One of the best, most complete, and interesting books ever published. To see it is to appreciate it. Just the book for the family or the school. Replete with valuable information. Agents can't fail to make a grand success. Entirely new. Send for circulars and full particulars to
BRADLEY & COMPANY, Publishers,
66 North Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Working Agents wanted at once.

BREACH-LOADING GUNS, ... cheap.

50 CARDS—the prettiest pack out. With your name on, and description of presents and how to get them. For 10c., U. S., Star Co., Berrville, Ct. Orders filled the Day Received.

SILK DRESS PATTERNS. . . . . .

100 Chromo Advertising Cards for card collectors, no 2 alike, 25c., postpaid. Address HALLEY CARD WORKS, 2 First Avenue, N. Y. Agents wanted.

Agents Make money selling our family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl St., New York.

Agents Wanted for the best and fastest selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Phila., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for two new fast-selling articles. Samples free. C. E. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

MUSIC
FOR ALL.
ONE HUNDRED
Of the Most Popular Songs, -Music and Words,-
FOR
Ten Cts.

SUCH AN OFFER AS THIS HAS NEVER BEEN MADE BEFORE.

The chance of a life time for Singers, Players, Glee Clubs, etc., to get a splendid lot of the best songs, music and words, published for

ONLY 10 CENTS.

For 10 cents in currency or postage stamps, we will send (all charges postpaid)

One Hundred Choice Songs,

music and words, to any address. Among them we may mention the following:

A Violet from Mother's Grave.
Tripping o'er the hills.
Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore.
I'm Getting a Big Boy Now.
Katey's Letter.
O Fred, tell them to Stop!
One Bumper at Parting.
Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Oh, Lucinda.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old.
Te'l de Children Good-bye.
Hardly Ever.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

DIME MUSIC CO.,
Address 720 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

PATENT Procured or no charge. 40p. book patent law free. Adv. W. T. FITZGERALD, 1056 F St., Washington, D. C.

Facetiæ.

The first weather report—Thunder.

A stern reality—The man at the wheel.

The hotel cook should be given a wide range.

The best thing to take before singing—Breath.

Railway collision—Manager and men falling out.

Billiard-playing is a sort of a green baize ball game.

If you have nothing to do, get it done as quickly as you can.

Why is a hair-cutter like a sheep? Because he is a bah-bah.

Size ain't everything. A watch ticking can be heard further than a bed ticking.

A new style of writing paper is called "Dude." We infer that it is a kind of foolscap.

"Pa," said a little fellow to his unshaven parent, "your chin looks like the wheel in the musical box."

Why ought church-bells to be sounding at a wedding? Because no marriage is complete without a ring.

Why is a pig the most provident of animals? Because he always carries a spare rib or two about him.

"Who was the straightest man in the Bible?" "Joseph." "Why?" "Because Pharaoh made a ruler of him."

It's a mighty mean man that wrote "Pull Down the Blind." He would probably be in favor of beating the cripples.

Let people say what they will, there is nothing in it when a man declares that his hand is always open to his friends.

Women very seldom make puns, and now we think of it, that must be the secret of woman's fascination for men.

A fashion paper stated that "maiden's blush" was a fashionable color, and none of the readers had any idea what it was like.

A London paper tells of a new contrivance to make ladies taller. The ladies have contrivances enough for making men short.

A St. Louis boy got behind the door, one night, to play burglar as a joke on his father. The doctor is now telling the boy funny stories.

The Alaskans, says a geographer, are slow to anger. The fact is due to the circumstance that they belong to a fur-bearing community.

When Fogg was asked regarding the latest additions to the English language, he said he would ask his wife. She always had the last word.

It was the young tailor who said, referring to a rival for the affections of a young lady, that he thought he knew enough to be able to cut him out.

When Patrick saw the announcement in a shop window: "Great Slaughter in Clothing," he stepped in and inquired for "wan of thim kilt suits."

Farmers' clubs are suggested as very good things for protection against patent-gate and lightning-rod swindlers. They should be about four feet long and made of stout hickory.

Why don't you cure your Heart Disease? Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator will do it. Price $1.

A Japanese student wrote to his friend at Tokio after he had resided a few months in this country: "There are two boating associations, called Yale and Harvard. When it rains the members read books."

"I don't say all I think," remarked Brown, when pressed for his opinion of the representative of his borough. "I should think you might," replied Fogg, "and not be pressed much for time either."

Our Little Ones and The Nursery.

The most beautiful Magazine in the World for the Youngest Readers.

The Literary and Artistic success of the Age!
Every Article written expressly for its pages!
Every Picture made expressly for this work, by the best Artists.
The most valuable Premiums! A Premium for every subscription and renewal! Clubs with all Periodicals! Send Postal for our New Premium List!

Send Postal for a Free Specimen.

All Newsdealers sell it. Agents wanted.

One Year, $1.60. Single Copies, 15 cts.
Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL!

Over Three-Quarters of a Million in Stock. All bought for cash, and sold at lowest city prices. Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, Trimmings, Hosiery, Upholstery, Fancy Goods, Ladies' Dresses, Wraps, Underwear, Ties, Laces, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Infants', Boys' and Girls' Outfits, &c. Samples, information, and "SHOPPING GUIDE" free on application.
COOPER & CONARD, 9th & Market Sts., Philada.
Please say where you saw this Advertisement.

Book of Songs and Things Worth Knowing. 96 p. p., Illustrated, containing a choice selection of Humorous and Sentimental Songs sent free for stamp. Address F. Lowey, 99 11th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WATCHES Send for Catalogue. Williams, 199 Halsted St., Chicago. Stem-winders JEWELRY
Nickel watch $2; solid silver Elgin watch, $4.50; gold Elgin watch, $10.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Try The best cards for the money: 50 for 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Parker, New Haven, Ct.

50 New Enameled Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c. Prize with 3 p'ks. Potter & Co, Montowese, Ct

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.

For the cure of

SKIN DISEASES,

ERUPTIONS ON THE FACE AND BODY, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SALT RHEUM, OLD SORES, ULCERS, **Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent** excels all remedial agents. It purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor; clear skin and beautiful complexion secured to all.

Liver Complaints, Etc.,

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy or mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and where there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

By Radways' Ready Relief.

MALARIA

IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS,

FEVER AND AGUE.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S system.

Those who value immunity from strangulated rupture, and the comforts of physical soundness, should lose no time in securing the benefits of his treatment and remedies. His book, containing likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, with evidence of his success, and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, farmers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 231 Broadway, N. Y.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on 10c. 13 pk. $1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Higganum Ct.

THE LOVERS OF BEAUTY & ART.

At very considerable expense we have re-engraved our great picture of

The New York and Brooklyn Bridge.

We now offer this admirable picture, in size 14 by 27 inches, folded like a map, and enclosed in thick pasteboard cover, for the unprecedented low price of

FIFTEEN CENTS, Postpaid.

The picture is so put up and protected that if you wish to frame it, you can readily do so—passing a hot flat-iron over the back effectually removing all creases from folding. Printed on fine map paper, and is really a GEM OF ART. ☞ Don't fail to adorn your home with this realistic picture of the greatest mechanical achievement of this or any other age.

BEAUTIFUL CARDS.

Every genuine lover of Art appreciates a fine Card. Our facilities for producing the finest Chromos and Cards are now unsurpassed in America. We offer

20 Beautiful Chromatic Cards, no two alike, for 15 Cents, postpaid; or, the Splendid New York and Brooklyn Bridge Picture and 20 Fine Chromo Cards, for 25 Cents, postage-stamps.

A discount of 20 per cent allowed to purchasers of TEN lots or over, to sell again. What more respectable or easy way could be devised in which to earn a few dollars than in canvassing for these WORKS OF ART?

Address **JNO. A. HADDOCK,**
Care of "Franklin Square Lithographic Co.," 336 Pearl St., New York.

THE BEST

WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean, without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. We CAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from $75 to $150 per month. Farmers make $20 to $30 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only $5. Sample to those desiring an agency $2. Also the Celebrated KEYSTONE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

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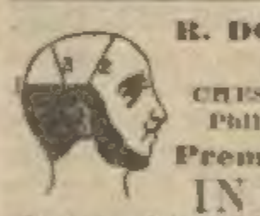

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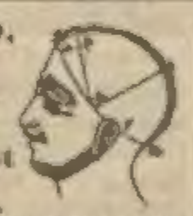

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

A FEW days of storm and wind have entirely changed the appearance of the principal shops, for where, until lately, all was bright and gay, the more sombre hues of winter are now freely displayed. This rapid transformation is particularly noticeable at the fashionable milliners; hats and bonnets are mostly of wintry-looking colors and materials, and the light straws of summer are replaced by felt and velvet-covered shapes in the various dark tints appropriate for autumn weather. The Henri II. hat is still the reigning favorite, and this is usually of felt, with velvet trimmings.

In contrast, however, to simplicity, as exemplified in the make of the newest gowns for walking, traveling, or morning wear, our head gear is ridiculously overloaded with feathers and plumage of all kinds, while, in some instances, complete ornithological specimens are seen surrounded by huge clusters of fluffy feathers. The effect produced borders closely on the grotesque, and, in addition, these over-trimmed hats are, in every way, unsuitable for ordinary street wear.

Grey is decidedly popular, and many hats, both of felt and velvet, are of this color, and of the new shade of crimson, called "bœuf sanglant."

A pretty hat of the former tint has the brim slightly turned up all round; folds of velvet a lighter shade, and lightly gathered, are laid on the brim around the crown and strings of cut-steel beads are twisted in the velvet folds. A single grey ostrich feather curled over the crown is fastened in front with a cut-steel buckle.

A covered high-crowned shape, in blood-red velvet, is trimmed with three rows of the darkest claret-colored chenille cord. The brim is also edged with this cord, and in front is arranged a cluster of silk pom-poms, mingled with strands of gold thread, behind which is a full aigrette of long pointed ends of corded ribbon, artistically shaded from deepest claret to the palest pink.

Chenille is extensively used as the foundation of bonnet crowns, which are of plaited basket work, mixed with gold or silver braids. Exquisitely shaded leaves and flowers of chenille sometimes form the crown of these bonnets, the front being of gathered velvet edged with gold or iridescent beads.

For instance, a Princess bonnet, the crown composed of miniature palm leaves of shaded chenille; the front has folds of dark green velvet edged with dull gold beads, narrow strings of dark green and gold satin.

A pretty bonnet, of somewhat similar shape, of moss-green, is turned up at the back, and lined with close set rows of gold braid. The front is ornamented with clusters of loops of narrow dark brown velvet, edged with chain-stitch of gold thread, at the left side is placed a small bouquet of yellow marguerites, the narrow velvet strings are crossed over the crown; the combination of moss-green and brown velvet looks well, and is very unc ommon. Other bonnets are in the "Kate Greenway" style, but modified in form and size. These are lined with gold braid, and are trimmed with gathered terry velvet, aigrettes, and plumes of feathers.

A bonnet of sapphire blue velvet is lined with apricot satin, and ornamented with stiff feathers of similar hue. These are placed towards the back of the bonnet, and curve slightly over the crown; they are fastened with a large buckle of sapphire beads.

A great novelty in materials for clothes is a brocade of terry velvet on a ground work of rich satin. This will be much used for dolmans, and for the trains of ceremonious toilettes.

The brocade itself, which is extremely handsome and of bold designs, such as magnolia blossoms, giant fern leaves, etc., is of such magnificence as to require little or no additional trimming. They are making mantles of a new kind of thick-ribbed ottoman, brocaded with plush or cut velvet, ornaments in designs of crescents, scales, and diamonds, placed closely together. These mantles are of the long dolman shape, having large roomy sleeves, and are edged with feather trimming or chicoree fringes of silk and chenille. One mantle of brocaded ottoman and plain velvet has a turban—at least three yards in length—such as, we are told, were fashionable in the days of our great-grandmothers—attached to the back of the neck; it is tied loosely in front, or coiled serpent-like round the throat, as the wearer may please—a most convenient and cosy-looking wrap for carriage use. The model we saw was of black material, but made in grey or seal-brown velvet, or figured plush, and lined with bright color, it would form a most comfortable and stylish opera wrap, or sortie de bal for delicate and chilly mortals.

A new and soft shade of grey, called "Fumee de Londres," in all and every material, is to be seen at some establishments in plain satin, with "Muscovite" stripes, scattered with clusters of fruit, brocaded and ribbed velvet on satin grounds, plain and figured cashmere, or, prettiest of all, a Marquise ground of shot silk, black and palest grey, brocaded with small leaves and flowers of dark grey velvet, outlined with silk of a lighter shade.

We saw a costume of brocaded satin, cherries and leaves, and plain velvet of this pretty shade. The pleated skirt was finished at the edge by a band of velvet, the tunic also of plain velvet, gathered high at each side of the skirt, and fully puffed at the back; the bodice of brocaded satin had a Swiss corselet of velvet, with braces, and buckles of cut steel; the plain sleeves were finished with velvet cuffs.

A dinner gown was remarkable for the novel arrangement of the drapery on the skirt; it was of three materials—black satin, ottoman and velvet brocade, and plain velvet.

The black satin square-cut train was edged with plain velvet, the front of brocaded velvet was draped across from the left hip with a satin scarf, this was fastened low on the right side, where it terminated in a gracefully-arranged fan of folded satin, the simulated leaves pointing downwards. This was held in place by an oval-shaped plastron of brocaded velvet, outlined in jet beads, and finished with a handsome fringe of silk and chenille.

The pointed bodice, slightly V-shaped, was of black satin, with back breadth of brocaded velvet; it had revers of the same in front, and was fastened across the chest from right to left, finished with flouts of cream lace.

A portion of the drapery of the train was brought over the point of the bodice at the back, where it was fastened with an ornament of velvet and jet; a short and pointed piece of the brocade, heavily fringed, fell below the basque on the left side of the skirt.

The shop windows are full of the most enticing assortment of cloths, wools, Cheviots and fine twilled serges; with broad and narrow stripes, large and minute checks, and fancy plaids innumerable; and these, in combination with plain material and relieved with velvet trimmings, will universally be adopted for traveling, walking, and morning wear.

The plaited skirt continues much in vogue, but bands of velvet or checked material are sometimes introduced, placed perpendicularly between the wide box-plaits. The short festooned tunic has gradually given place to the more fully draped polonaise—a revival of five years ago—which bids fair to be once more the fashionable style of overdress for the coming winter season.

All dresses—be they of habit-cloth, tweed, serge, or any woolen material—are, however, made in a simple, and in many cases an almost severe style; perfect fit and excellence of workmanship alone being relied on to produce the—we must say it—"mannish" effect which is, unhappily, the prevailing taste, and especially noticeable in the present display of ladies' tailor-made gowns.

These costumes, nevertheless, are decidedly the mode, and have their legitimate uses, being very appropriate for city wear for climbing and touring purposes, when an elaborately draped gown would be obviously useless and out of place.

Of the number of rich fabrics, which are destined to play an important part in the conception of the more elaborate toilets, designed for autumn and winter wear, terry velvet and ottoman brocaded with velvet or plush, are undoubtedly the favorite materials, and will be largely used in combination with fine cashmere, self-colored velvet, plain ottoman and shot silk. The shops are showing an immense assortment of these beautiful goods, which certainly cannot be surpassed for taste in design or richness in color—indeed, the choice is almost bewildering to the would-be purchaser.

Fireside Chat.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

EVERY household should teach and enforce a respect for sleep. That is not to say that healthy young persons, who sit up late at nights or are out very late, should be suffered to sleep past the breakfast hour by too indulgent elders. If they need so much sleep you must fix the retiring hour earlier.

But enjoin a respect for the sleep of young children, old folks and weak persons. Sleep is such a restorer that it is poor economy to weaken an invalid by bringing in the breakfast tray, or by ringing a breakfast bell loudly, when an old person is happily resting in sleep.

The house duties must go on, and fixed hours for meals are the only possible routine for home regularity. It need not be an iron-bound regularity in the cases named, when an hour's longer sleep makes more difference to the repair of the elderly or the invalid than the hottest breakfast that can be served to them.

Food is the household idol, too much of an idol, in some places. It is not always what people need; that is, cooked food. A later breakfast of some apples or grapes and a slice of bread, will do more good than a beefsteak thrust on the half-awake stomach before it is ready. No housekeeper need be discouraged, therefore, from letting a child have its sleep out, and all older children should be taught to respect the sleep of others; to enter a room noiselessly, and not to call or shake the sleeper. A Sunday's noon sleep, for a person overworked all the week long, does more good than the Sunday dinner, if the house-provider could only see it in that way; and if any such body drops asleep after a well-digested sermon, it may be, do not interfere with the proper uses of the day—for rest—by insisting on a slice of roast beef instead. The importance of food is vastly overrated in this country; and in proportion we underrate the natural sustenance of sleep.

Potato Snow Drift.—Peel and boil six large, mealy white potatoes; add a little salt to the water. Take them out one by one, rub through a sieve into a deep dish, letting them fall into a mound. Do not touch with a spoon or hand. Serve with melted butter.

Arrowroot Custard.—Two cups boiling milk, three heaped teaspoonsful of arrowroot wet with a little cold milk, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, beaten with one egg. Mix the arrowroot paste with the boiling milk, stir a few minutes, take from the fire and whip in the egg and sugar; boil two minutes longer, flavor with vanilla or rose-water, and pour into moulds.

To Serve with Roast Pork.—Peel as many potatoes as will cover the bottom of the dripping pan. Sprinkle a half a teaspoonful of dried sage over them. Cut a small onion in thin slices, and spread them over this. Add some chopped apples; salt and pepper half an hour before serving. Cover the bottom of the pan with water, and bake.

Pancakes.—Two tablespoonfuls of flour; mix in the yolks of four eggs and whites of two, well and separately beaten. Have ready hot a small pan with a coating of melted butter; put in a small quantity of the paste; let it spread over the pan for two minutes, then turn on the other side and roll it up and send the cake to the table in a napkin.

Syriac (or rice and Tomato).—Peel and slice rich, well ripened tomatoes, and place a layer in an earthen jar or pipkin in the proportion of one part rice to four of tomatoes. Cover close, and bake in a moderate oven three hours. Serve warm as a side dish at dinner. (This is modified from an Arabic dish described by a recent traveler in Syria—hence its name).

Grape Pudding Sauce.—Wash and stem two pounds of Concord or Isabella grapes in an earthen or china dish, with water sufficient to cover them, then run through a colander, rubbing through as much of the pulp as possible (either with the hand or a pestle), return the liquid to the stew kettle and when it boils, thicken with one tablespoonful of corn starch, or two of sifted Graham flour braided with a little water. Boil up once to each pint of the pulp, sweeten to the taste, and serve warm as a sauce for rice, apple dumplings, or any plain pudding that may require a sauce. Two or three spoonfuls of this make a good addition to apple pie as a flavor before baking.

Cranberry pudding makes a variety in the fruit puddings, and most of these, by the way, are very good and nourishing dishes. Pour boiling water on a pint of dried bread crumbs; melt a tablespoonful of butter and stir in. When the bread is softened add two eggs, and beat thoroughly with the bread. Then put in a pint of the stewed fruit and sweeten to your taste. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Fresh fruit may be used in place of the cranberries. Slices of canned peaches put in layers make a delicious variation.

Beefsteak Pickled.—Lay a steak in a pudding dish, with slices of onions, a few cloves, whole pepper, salt, and bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, one of marjoram, and some parsley; add oil and tarragon vinegar in equal parts, just to come up to the steak, and let it steep in this for about twelve hours, turning it occasionally; then either broil it or fry it in butter, and serve with mashed potatoes. It may also be slightly fried in butter, and then stewed with a little common stock, and served with piquante sauce.

For Shampooing the Hair.—Get any tinman to make for you the small rose of a watering-pot with finest holes in it, with a short handle that will fit over the tube of an ordinary household syringe, with an elastic tube. You can thus send a fine spray of water over the head while it is being cleansed, which will avoid the heavier wetting of a sponge.

Correspondence.

I. C.—Find answer in No. 18.

W. V. E.—*Audi alteram partem* is a Latin phrase, signifying "hear the other side."

Jewel.—The young man undoubtedly loves you, and we advise you not to trifle with him.

Dorothea.—If your acquaintance or friend is from home, leave a card, whether you called in a carriage or not.

A. Lisle.—Albert is a contraction of the old English name Ethelbert. It was first abbreviated to Ealbert, and afterwards to Albert.

T. T.—Suspend a little bag of sulphur in the cage. This is said to be healthful to birds generally, as well as serving to keep away insects by which they become infested.

B. F. C.—The custom of shaking hands after an introduction is obsolete; but when two ladies who have been introduced to one another meet the second time, it is both right and friendly to offer the hand.

S. W. C.—In the Old Testament, although great numbers of women are mentioned, there is but one—Sarah, Abraham's wife—whose age is recorded, so you see the delicacy as to mentioning the age of women is no piece of modern sensitiveness.

E. W. P.—You ask why are yellow, orange, or red colors suitable to a person of dark hair and complexion. It is because these colors, by contrast with the dark skin and hair, show to the greater advantage themselves, which they enrich the hue of black.

Catherine.—Asbestos is a native fossil stone, which may be split into threads and filaments, and which is endued with the property of remaining unconsumed by fire. Cloth was made of it by the Egyptians, and napkins in the time of Pliny, and also paper.

J. M. P.—The main technical features of Paganini's violin playing were an unfailing intonation, a lightning-like rapidity on the finger-board and with the bow, and a command of double stops, harmonics, and double harmonics, hardly equalled by anyone before or after him.

Victoire.—There is no reason why you should be afraid of falling in love with a nice girl, and if she returns your love you are much to be envied. Every man who is worth anything ought to find some good woman for his wife before he is forty. The difference in your ages is no serious obstacle.

Chorister.—The custom arose thus: At the first performance of "The Messiah," in Westminster Abbey, the effect produced by the Hallelujah Chorus upon the King (George II.) was such, that he started to his feet and remained standing until its conclusion. His example was followed by the entire congregation.

Thespis.—No; at the time of Shakspeare the female characters were always acted by boys. In the epilogue to "As You Like It," Rosalind says, "If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you," &c., which proves that the player was not a female. It was not until after the Restoration that women were allowed to act in stage plays.

W. D.—If she is an intimate friend of the young man's sisters, there would be nothing wrong in calling at the house under the circumstances. 2. It might be better to stay away from the party. Still, if you are sure that you have perfect control over yourself, by going you would show him that his insult had failed partly of its effect.

Rex.—1. You are still young, and there is a possibility that you may grow taller. We have read of a giant who, being kept to his bed several weeks by an accident, grew several inches; but we should hesitate to advise any young lady to try and grow tall by adopting similar means. 2. Honor, heir, honor, and its derivatives, hostler, humble, and humor. 3. The gentleman should thank his partner after each dance.

Lizzie H.—A morganatic marriage is a marriage between a man of superior and a woman of inferior rank, in which it is stipulated that the wife and her children shall not be entitled either to the rank or to the possessions of the husband. Such marriages have repeatedly taken place in the princely houses of Germany. The wife receives a dower, previously agreed upon, and takes some title by which she is henceforward known.

Jem.—The "Evil Eye" superstition prevails to some extent in Scotland and among the negroes in our Southern States, but it is most widespread in Italy. A person accused of having the evil eye is supposed to bring disease and death to men and cattle and is universally shunned. The superstition entails great suffering and odium on those who are accused of it, as they are in nowise blamable for the miseries laid to their charge.

A. L. B.—What is known as the famous bucket is preserved in Modena. It was not worth originally more than a shilling, and yet was the cause of a sanguinary war. In 1325 it was stolen by a soldier of the commonwealth of Modena out of a public well belonging to the State of Bologna. The king of Sardinia assisted the people of Modena to keep possession of the bucket, and in a battle was taken prisoner. His father offered heavy ransoms for his release, but they were refused and the royal captive died after many years of imprisonment.

Austin.—Yes; the following example is from an old school-book:—

"Five that may closely follow one another,
For be it known that we may safely write
Or say that that that that that man wrote was right;
Nay, e'en that that that that that that has followed
Through six repeats (that that that that began,)
Repeated seven times is right. Deny't who can?"

M. F. P.—As a general rule, the principal object of a painting should be placed near the centre, and receive the brightest light and color. Let your colors be well balanced; for instance, if you painted an indoor scene, where browns, reds and yellows prevailed, and in one corner put a bright blue object, the eye would be so drawn toward that object, that we should lose sight of the other part of the picture; but paint that bit in a more subdued blue, and repeat the color by a lighter blue or lilac in the draperies, &c., nearer the middle of the picture, and harmony is restored, while the eyes rests without effort on the main subject of the picture. Strive to make your coloring rich and glowing, but not glaring.